NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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VOL. 18. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1835. NO. 43.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY Is Published Saturdays, by SAMUEL CONDON & CO. No 22, Congress Street, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, IN ADVANCE.

Communications for the paper, may be addressed, post paid, to the Editors; those on business to the Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS. As the publishers have adopted an invariable rule, to answer no orders for the paper from persons out of the city without subscription money or a reference, no one can consider himself particularly offended by a refusal. If they forward to some, and neglect others, there would be ground for complaint—but no distinction is made.

AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Eastport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE SWISS CAPTIVE.

She sadly gazed upon the waters bright,
That rolled beneath her like a sea of light—
Her dark eye shadowed by the drooping lid,
That, like a rose-leaf half its beauty hid,—
Veiling that lustrous orb of heaven-like blue,
And yet so thin, one well might guess the hue
Of that deep, brilliant, melancholy eye,
That looked so listless from the lattice high:
Perchance, more beautiful when veiled as now,
The proud arch softening of that regal brow,
O'er which the coronal of diamonds shone,
Whose lustre seemed to mock the listless one.

Slowly the maiden turned: for the landscape fair,
Like a spell of enchantment had bound her there,
And she clasped her hands in their jewelled pride,
Where the sapphire and diamond in splendor vied,
And the white arms spurned in their rounded health
The clasp, and the shade of their pearly wealth;
In its whiteness stilled, was the bosom fair,
As if all emotion had slumbered there;
Like a chiselled form from the marble stone—
So bereft of all save the power alone
To know how dreary the young heart may be,
When it pines for the home of its infancy—
When that early love, like a vestal flame,
Burns on through all perils, undying, the same.

* * * *

The air is ripe with the fragrance of flowers,
As if with incense they numbered the hours;
Despatching with perfume a tiny sprite,
As the shadows grow in the warm sunlight—
She pauses to gaze on their beauties awhile,
And her cheek seems to dent almost with a smile—
She looks a creature in loveliness made
To live with the flowers in their sun-bright glade,
Where the light winds should play in her silken hair,
O! why was the diamond glittering there?
O! why should the young heart be doomed to know
The inward pangs of a glittering woe?

She starts—her gorgeous robe on the marble sweeps,
She clasps to her breast, and in transport weeps
O'er a lowly shrub, her quick eye had caught,
So simple and frail, it shrinkingly sought
To hide itself midst the brilliant parterre,
As though it were sad and desolate there.
But its simple leaves to her lips are pressed,
And again and again are clasped to her breast.
She closes her eyes for a vision has come,
A beautiful vision of childhood and home.
Embosomed in hills in her father's cot,
'On earth the fairest and happiest spot:
She sees the old trees with their kindly shade,
The very dog as he comes up the glade,—
Her sisters are there, and their locks are bound
With blossoms like this in her exile found—
In exile! O, no! for her spirit has fled,
To the home where was sheltered her infant head—
The fountain's splash through the long marble hall—
'Tis the ringing leap of her own waterfall—
And there, in its ledgy bank, is the seat,
With its yielding moss, where she laved her feet.
The spotted fish through the deep waters gleam,
And her brothers shout by the pebbly stream—
The pale willow droops o'er the rustic bridge,
And the sheep are out on the mountain ridge.

But dearer than all, in the cottage door
Is the gentle one, who the maiden bore;
Who cherished so fondly her infant head,
And blest her at night when the prayer was said.
'Twas the same sweet smile of kindness and love,
That had beamed in childhood her couch above.
'My mother! my mother!'—the spell is broke—
The vision has fled with the words she spoke,
But the lowly flower from her natal skies,
Is dearer than all to the maiden's eyes.
She turns from the pomp of an Eastern throne,
In secret to weep o'er her favorite one—
And thus o'er her heart does the vision come,
That vision of innocence, childhood and home.

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WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE DESERTER.

'What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor, more than I fear death.'
JULIUS CÆSAR.

In the Fall of 1780, the American army held position upon the banks of the Hudson river, when the following scenes took place. The prospects of the country, which had never been flattering, were at this period peculiarly clouded and inauspicious. Four tedious years of toil, privation and sanguinary conflict had passed away, and still the mighty object of our struggle seemed as far removed from our grasp, as on the day the sword was first drawn. This circumstance alone was sufficient to damp the enthusiasm of the patriot, and to expose his steadiness and fortitude to a stern and severe trial. But evils and discouragements of a more immediate and distressing description, added their pangs to a lot, already embittered and embarrassing. The energies of the Government, after lingering out a lame and sluggish existence, were now, it appeared, about to sink beneath a pressure too great for their control. Discontent to an alarming extent had crept into the army, for which but two alternatives seemed to present themselves—either to disband or starve. Even the resolute and well-sustained spirit of the great Washington, for the moment grew gloomy and despondent. He declared he saw nothing before us but accumulated distress. 'We have,' said he, 'been half our time without provisions, and are likely to continue so. We have no magazines, nor money to form them. We have lived upon expedients, until we can live no longer.'—It was natural that so disastrous a state of affairs should have its effect upon the public mind. Men, high-minded, gallant and honorable men, sickened with scenes of bloodshed, and worn out with continual and aggravated sufferings, began seriously to consider it a matter of question, whether submission, and a consequent relief from the harrassing ills that surrounded them, were not preferable to the continuance of a contest which had now assumed a character so desperate and hopeless. This melancholy aspect of our cause was heightened by an act of perfidy on the part of an American officer almost unexampled in the annals of treason. [illegible] fail to infuse its poison into the army, and every officer, from the commander of a division down to the lowest corporal, was separately charged with redoubled vigilance and exertion.

An extraordinary opinion is entertained by many persons, respecting the duties and responsibilities of a soldier; and against its harsh and pernicious influence, we deem it necessary to warn the reader upon the threshold of this narrative. The soldier is not a mere machine. There are hazards which he cannot surmount; there are bulwarks which he cannot force or scale—there is a point of privation and suffering, which human fortitude cannot endure. He has all the 'organs, senses and affections' of ordinary humanity. Like the Jew, he is 'hurt with the same weapons—subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer,' as other men. These are truths which seem too self-evident and common-place to require to be stated; yet if we refer to the fashionable tone of superficial society, upon this subject, the propriety of their introduction here will be abundantly manifested. Not only *moral* but *physical* impossibilities are there expected of his country. Nor are these extravagant and absurd opinions confined entirely to the light, the thoughtless and the superficial. Men of strong sense and sound experience in other respects, are not unfrequently disposed to exact of the soldier, a recklessness of life and a resignation under hardship, which are altogether unwarranted by justice or any knowledge of human nature. It is not to be doubted indeed, that the constant exposure to every variety of danger and death, and the wild, roving career, which are a part of their profession, will naturally beget these qualities to a remarkable extent, but they can never convert an animate into an inanimate being. I need only refer to the fate of the gallant Burgoyne, for ample justification of these views. The doctrine is too rigid and high-toned which would require of a brave man that he should fight forever in a hopeless cause, be that cause never so just and glorious in itself.—Some allowance must be made for the weakness of nature. And although no principle in soldiership, in morals or in religion, can whiten the black crime of treason, yet, to an enlightened and equitable mind, there are solid grounds for a forbearing and indulgent judgment of him, who *sometimes* incurred that reproach during the war of Independence. The fact cannot be borne in too vivid remembrance, that *that* war was a *domestic* contest: a contest in which each man had the undoubted right to select his position, according to his convictions of the merits of the case, without involving any sacrifice of honor or rectitude, and consequently, without justly subjecting himself to the charge of being a foe to his country. The controversy being thus peculiarly featured, was it utterly and unpardonably ignominious, for one to *reverse* his position *after* hostilities had commenced?—for one, who, having ranged himself hastily and without adequate reflection, perhaps, upon the one side, and after riper consideration, or upon witnessing consequences, the tendency and extent of which he had not foreseen, became solemnly convinced, that he was in error, to seek to *retrieve* that error, by disconnecting himself from those who continued to maintain it, and as the only atonement in his power, to yield his most strenuous energies to what he now conceived the righteous cause? It might be lamented as a delusion; it might be commiserated as a miserable weakness, but in sober justice, and at the forum of conscience, could it be fairly adjudged *treason?* The articles of war, it is well known, would and *did* so pronounce it, but unfortunately for the *interests* of humanity, the codes of Mars and Minerva do not always coincide in their provisions. Having now, however, endeavored to remove unfair prepossessions, the writer will argue the case no further, but submit its decision to the reader's candid and enlightened sense of justice.

As the sun rose on the morning of the 10th of September, 1780, an officer of the States' army might have been seen standing upon a small eminence, situated about a mile to the westward of the camp of the American army, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.—The dress of this early stroller was such as was worn at that period by a subordinate of cavalry, but was much richer in texture and neater in cut, than such as was commonly possessed by those holding so humble a station. He looked in the very flush of manhood. Tall of stature and muscular in frame, his bearing was peculiarly free, graceful and soldierlike. A large piercing black eye, together with a high and well-developed forehead, marked a countenance, which the true disciple of Lavater would tell you, at a glance, bespoke deep sagacity, allied to cool, determined valor. So imposing and prepossessing was the whole appearance of the soldier, that no one, we venture to affirm, who had once seen him, would ever have supposed that—but we must not anticipate. It seemed as if he had stolen away from the unceasing din and wearisome monotony of the camp, to breathe the pure air and witness the fresh beauties of the opening day, amidst solitary and sequestered scenes; for he now stood with his arms folded across his bosom, silently surveying the smiling prospects around him. If Nature and *her* works were the subject of his meditations, the spectacle presented, did justice to his taste and interest. It was indeed a most lovely morning. The sun had mounted upon the horizon, and was soaring upward in his splendid career, clear and unshadowed by the slightest cloud. The wild winds were sleeping in their starry homes. A deep, bright calm was spread over the earth. The beautiful waters of the far-famed Hudson, just visible in the distant perspective, swept on in their course to the ocean as smoothly and as smilingly, as though they were never again to be ruffled by the tempest. An air of cheerful and delightful repose pervaded every object in the landscape. It was the Sabbath of the elements! Some such scene as this, doubtless it was, that fired the genius of the bard, when he declares:—

'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
For all I may be, or have been before
To mingle with the Universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.'

Sin and Sorrow and ghastly Strife fade away before the deep and all-absorbing tranquility, which such scenes shed over the heart. It is then, if ever, that man forgets the earthly shackles which bind him. It is then, he feels disposed to turn from 'this dim spot which men call Earth,' and longs to dwell in the blessed regions of the just and the happy. It is then, his spirit, unblessed and unsatisfied with all which this false world can give, glows with mysterious yet ardent aspirations after immortality! Yes, it is then, if ever, that he fondly clings to the hope of treading the green pastures and of partaking the pure fountains of a better land,—where innocence never pines, where joy is something more than a name, and where peace is at once perfect and eternal! How transporting and splendid the aspect of nature,—how dark and stern was the scene which the evil passions of man had engendered! The real perspective for American patriots, was indeed overshadowed with clouds and thick darkness. Distracted, exhausted, and still bleeding at every pore, was it possible that the Country could breast the storm much longer? No well-informed man in the land, could have answered the question candidly, and with sincerity, in the affirmative. Her only hope was in the unshrinking courage of her devoted sons! [illegible]

[illegible] less banishment. In vain, might they urge, that the wrongs, against which they took arms, were such as slaves only could passively endure. All would be in vain! When was the hungry wolf known to listen to the supplicating voice of the lamb, within his fangs? Fire, the dungeon, and the halter, would be arguments unanswerable. And although this fate should be spared them, one scarcely less enviable would inevitably await them. Blessed hopes and high-souled patriotism would suffer wounds which time could scarcely ever heal. Their brave deeds and high-souled hopes would haunt them like the remembrance of a crime, while a dishonored name would follow them to their graves and stain their children's children. Well, then, might the brow of the grave grow pale, and the devotion of the wayward wax cold, as they surveyed the scene before them! Some thoughts of this tenor seemed to be arising in the mind of our friend, whom we left contemplating the bright prospects of nature, which we have feebly attempted to describe. Long did he remain wrapt in silent thought. An air of deep dejection pervaded his fine countenance, as though gloomy forebodings were harrassing him.

'Must it be?' said he at length, and after casting a careful glance around him to see that none was near to catch the least of his thoughts,—'must *I* take this painful and hazardous step? And is there no plan, by which the deep ignominy, attached to it, can be spared me? Alas! I can see none. They tell me, indeed, that it does not involve any dishonor, but, on the contrary, displays the truest patriotism and magnanimity. And, in my poor judgment, there is nothing in it which I should be ashamed of. But this hasty and harsh-judging world will, as usual, look only to appearances, which will—which *must* be utterly against me. The reward in money is high and ample—such as years of hard service in the army, would not procure me, and with an unfriended soldier, this consideration should not be despised. Still—still, it is bootless to attempt to disguise it, this is a dreadful undertaking. I stand upon a precipice, and one unguarded movement will plunge me into the abyss! And the army,—shall I not be its constant curse, its by-word of scorn and detestation? Even *she* will despise me'—and the eyes of the true hearted soldier filled with tears, as the agonizing thoughts arose,—'yes, they will all—*all* curse the mean, the dastardly deserter.—Should I be arrested in my flight, I shall die the death of a dog and a traitor.' As these dreadful apprehensions crowded over his mind, the speaker paused for a moment, as if shaken in his purpose.

'Away,' resumed he, in an altered and determined tone, 'away with this woman-like weakness. Steady and unquailing have I faced the vollied cannon, and have never before paused to calculate the dangers, where duty called. Dangers forsooth! what are they to the soldier? His pride—his most coveted glory! My motives I feel are just—I ask no more. Besides, if I go not, long and dreary years must divide me from the girl of my heart. If I survive the undertaking, I shall be enabled to invite her to competence and comfort. Then let the flood of calumny foam on! The time *will* come when the whole country shall gratefully acknowledge the integrity of my conduct. This night I leave the camp—the *American* camp. And if I be any judge of this climate it will greatly favor me. I pray to Heaven it may! In the mean time I must see Eliza and bid her adieu, *perhaps forever*.' As he concluded his earnest and important reflections the brave and devoted soldier cast an anxious look towards the heavens and then proceeded at a rapid pace across the country in the direction of the village of B*****.

My dear reader, did you ever know the course of true love to run smoothly onward to the last? And did you ever read a good tale without a heroine? If so, you have known and read something, far better than any thing that we can promise you in this narrative. Ours is a matter-of-fact story in the main, and we must conform to the time-honored custom, of giving you a sketch of her, whom the soldier described as the 'girl of his heart,' and of the difficulties which she had to encounter. Read—and in her case, behold that of thousands, whose tender concerns, although unknown to fame, 'unhonor'd and unsung,' are equally interesting, and worthy of sympathy.

Eliza Floyd, was—waving all circumstantial deification—a very fine looking and excellent woman. She was beloved by our soliloquising friend—(whom we shall designate by the name of Frederic Edmundson)—and, of course, if *his* testimony be admissible, she was an angel of the seventh heavens! Let the sequel prove whether his estimate of her worth was extravagant, or well-grounded upon solid good qualities. She was the only daughter, and great stock-in-trade of a poor, but aspiring widow, who resided in the small town above referred to. Mrs Floyd was a very prim and pragmatical personage. Dexterous in house-wifery, shrewd in money-tactics, she was a blue-stocking, and its synonyme—a whig. The great object of this good lady's solicitude was, to have her Eliza, as the phrase is, *well-married*. Not that the worthy dame was over-scrupulous as to the learning, the amiability, or the moral worth of him who might desire to become her son-in-law. Oh no! On these points, the fond mother was liberal, if not latitudinarian. If they happened in the way, it would have been well; if not, she would not have mourned for their absence, as do those who are without hope.—Still she did sincerely wish her daughter *well-married*.—Need we explain? Frederic Edmundson *was poor!* Mrs Floyd opposed his pretensions to the hand of her daughter with warmth;—nay, she even resented them as an indignity; while she found no difficulty in admitting the young man to be brave and faithful in his calling, upright in his principle, moral in his habits, and withal, bid fair to rise in time to distinction, and a salary that would command comfort. But Edmundson *was poor!* This was the sin, alike beyond forgiveness and repentance! This was enough to justify a sentence of everlasting outlawry! This was the soldier's *only* crime! But nevertheless, Mrs Floyd could not find it in her *christian* heart to forgive an atrocity, so foul and barbarous, although unaggravated by a single accompanying vice. Perhaps it was the more conspicuous for standing alone! Edmundson was, in deed and in truth, but indifferently fortified, at this point of attack. The mere pittance he received from his government, and his prospects of promotion, comprehended the sum-total of his financial resources. But he was young, active, industrious, temperate, and brave. To obtain accurate information upon the tender point, of the young man's fortune, the widow had taken care to institute the most close and particular inquiries; which bore date from the first moment she had supposed it a matter, within the range of possibility, that he might become a suitor of *her* daughter; that is to say, from the moment he was introduced to said daughter. Having ascertained the location of the shoals and rocks, the good lady, like an experienced pilot, trimmed her sails and steered her course accordingly. This course, to keep up the figure, the reader need not be told, was exactly that which led most directly *from* the harbor of our hero's hopes. Her hostility to his cause, became open, avowed, determined. To her great astonishment and dismay, she now for the first time discovered, that Eliza possessed opinions and wishes of her own. This, though a very natural and common case in love-affairs, was a very strange one to Mrs Floyd. It was mysterious, painful, and altogether above her comprehension, or management. There was no [illegible]

[illegible] in her grasp as the [illegible] spectre of Banquo was in the hands of the bloody-minded Macbeth, having utterly failed to make any other impression upon the adversary, except to awaken a keener vigilance, and to arouse a more resolute spirit of resistance. Exasperated beyond measure, at a defeat so disastrous to all her fond dreams of aggrandizement, for her child—and *its mother*, she seemed determined to wage a war of extermination. The tug of war came on in dreadful earnest. Deep reproaches and blistering epithets, volley upon volley, rained down upon the poor soldier's devoted head. We cannot remember the numberless bitter things that were spoken; nor would we repeat them if we could. We wish this tale to be popular! But let us return to the scene of action.—Long, loud and fierce, raged the battle—if battle there can be, where but one combatant treads the lists. For several days it flamed on, with almost unintermitted fury; only abating at short intervals, to allow the champion breath *for* a renewed and more terrible onslaught. But all things must end! Even the seige of Troy terminated in *ten* years. Suddenly, and after an awful expenditure of ammunition, the war-note was hushed, and the pleasing emblems of peace floated gaily over the scene! The case was not *so* plain! Had the garrison surrendered at discretion? or, was it suing only for a truce? Neither. Eliza Floyd withstood these terrific assaults, with uncomplaining resignation, it is true,—but also, with the most invincible integrity of purpose. Her's was a heart, too firm in its affections, to be shaken by any storm, however ruthless or relentless. She knew not—she *felt* not, the least shadow of turning. Her love, like the mighty Roman's bridge, only grew stronger and deeper in its foundation, as the angry billows beat against it! She murmured not—she repined not—she breathed not a syllable of reproach. She was passive, but firm,—humble and tranquil in her deportment, but the feeling which nerved her spirit was alike unconquered and unconquerable! She made no effort to defend the fond predilections of her heart,—but—

* * * there was not on earth
An emblem of devotedness like hers!'

But it is time we had explained the sudden revulsion of feeling, which seemed to have taken place in the bosom of Eliza's mother. The fact *is*, she could not join in the exclamation of the noble Prince of Denmark, when he declares, that he 'knows not *seems*!' There had been no revulsion of feeling in the case. Finding the place could not be carried by storm, she was resolved to resort to stratagem. She spoke to her daughter in a tone of kindness and tenderness. In a manner the most gentle and affectionate, she reminded her of the destitute and solitary situation in which her mother would be left, and the probable privations to which she herself would be subjected, by marrying Edmundson.

'But go my daughter,'—she would say, 'go, if you will, and follow the fortunes of this homeless wanderer, this poor roving adventurer; go, and break the heart of your fond and foolish old mother; leave her in solitude and affliction, to weep away her few remaining days on earth, and when her misfortunes have laid her on her death-bed, to be without child or kindred to close her eyes!'

To do her justice, this skilful diplomatist acted these scenes remarkably well. But, although they brought tears to the eyes of Eliza, they failed to bring conviction to her mind, or to work a change in her heart. Edmundson was no longer allowed to visit the house of Mrs Floyd; yet, in despite of this, and every device which an active ingenuity could suggest, the incorrigible delinquents contrived to [illegible] ed, when the cavalry officer came to the dangerous, and as he conceived, the laudable resolution, of transferring himself from the army of Washington, to that of Sir William Howe. Mindful, it would seem, of the received, but, of course, unjust opinion against the lovely sex, as safe depositories of secrets; or, unwilling to inflict pain prematurely where it was inevitable; or, from some other cause, the lover had not given his betrothed the slightest intimation of his intentions. He felt that it was incompatible with honor or with safety for him to do so. This circumstance occasioned him the deepest pain; inasmuch as he was fully satisfied of his ability to justify his conduct, had he been at liberty to disclose at large, the reasons that influenced his conduct. He knew that the deepest execration would follow his name, when his departure should become known, and yet he was forced to submit in silence, without daring to offer a syllable in his own defence, even to the woman of his heart. But buoyed above the fear of contumely, by a sense of honor and duty, he found consolation in his motives, and in the cheering conviction, that they would be approved, when they should be fairly understood. It was with a steady if not an animated tone, therefore, that he bid adieu to Eliza. The scene of their interviews was—no matter where. At the the appointed place, however, the young man found his fair, impatiently awaiting his arrival. Although no accent of melancholy was perceptible in his voice, as he spoke the usual sprightly greetings of the lover, yet the momentous enterprise he was on the eve of essaying, tinged the manner and countenance of the lover with a shade of unusual seriousness, which the keen eye of ever wakeful affection did not fail to mark.

'Frederic, you are dispirited to day,' said his betrothed, 'has any fresh disaster befallen our suffering countrymen?—Or is there any project on foot so dreadful as to startle the high-souled and the brave? Perhaps, now, your duty calls you to some distant quarter, where you can no longer comfort me with your kindly counsel, and assist me to bear up against the painful importunities I have constantly to endure from my most mistaken parent. Alas, it is true, I read it in that honest face—you are about to leave me, and I may never see you again.' Her feelings here overcame her, and the fast flowing tears told at once how devotedly the soldier was beloved.

Nothing is so overwhelming as kindness! You shall visit an enemy with coldness and with scorn; you shall load him with reproaches and denounce him from the house-top and in the market place; you shall hunt him down with mad and unsleeping revenge; and his heart shall remain unbroken and ironed against you! He shall return you scorn for scorn, and bitterness for bitterness! Adversity shall not humble—the very rack itself shall not vanquish the sternness of his defiance! But return him good for evil; bear this momentary ill will with manly patience and composure; when he reviles, revile not again; and when the wrathful impulse has subsided, salute him in the voice of kindness and considerate reason; and his heart shall turn to you in all the sincerity of friendship. So deeply was Edmundson's heart touched by the manner, in which the expression of deep-toned tenderness on the part of his betrothed, was spoken, that he could not have interrupted the speaker, without betraying symptoms of sensibility, such as a soldier never likes to exhibit; and he was now upon the point of disclosing his whole secret to Eliza, in order that appearances might not cause his character to suffer, in the estimation of one evidently so sincerely, so warmly attached to him. A moment's reflection—and the weakness was mastered.

'These are dark and troublous times, my dearest Eliza,' said Edmundson. 'Our country needs the gravest solicitude of all her sons. And if I seem more serious than usual, this morning, think, how much has occurred of late to awaken the most solemn feelings in us all. News of the most [illegible]

'You will—you must go then?'

'*Must* is indeed the word.'

'Then' my dear Frederick, I will not pain you with useless regrets. Go and do your duty! I show you that I understand mine, by interposing no selfish consideration of my comfort, in the way of its discharge. I shall think of you—pray for you—and forever love you,' said the noble and devoted girl, covering her blushing temples with her handkerchief, as she spoke, and her eyes filled with tears.

'Do not weep, dear—dear Eliza,' said the officer, greatly affected, and taking her small white hand in his—'do not be distressed. The longest night is followed by the dawn, at last, and there may yet be a bright dawn to come upon us all. Be patient, be firm, and all will yet be well. Farewell! May God bless and prosper you!' As he concluded, he caught the weeping girl in his arms, impressed a hasty kiss upon her lips, and the next moment was rapidly retracing his steps to head quarters.

The adjuration of Edmundson with regard to the weather, seemed about to be answered. 'The American climate, 'fierce in its extremes,' is as remarkable for its sudden and violent, as its 'splendid vicissitudes.' The morning had been as bland and bright as ever shone upon the earth. But towards evening, the indications of the heavens plainly foretold a change, and before nightfall the whole horizon was overspread with a dark blanket of threatening clouds. A few ominous drops of rain just began to fall, as an officer of a well-known Light Corps, was seen proceeding, in obedience to a hasty summons, to the head quarters of his commander. This commander was a gallant and high-spirited partizan from the South, whose reputation, afterwards so brilliant in the Southern campaign, was now just in its bud. His worth had been already discerned by the sagacious eye of Washington, who gave him a station near his person, and has placed upon record the strongest testimonials of his zeal, courage, and good conduct. Such was Major ***, who now received his inferior with some symptoms of anxiety and impatience. Requesting him to be seated, Major *** stepped immediately to a small secretary in the room, and unlocking a secret drawer, took thence a bundle of papers, whose purport he proceeded forthwith to explain to his confidant. The business about to be entrusted to the management of the latter, seemed peculiarly delicate and hazardous, if any estimate could be formed from the length of time employed in delivering the instructions, and the careful manner in which they were noted down, by him who was to execute them. The subordinate was also enjoined, in the most solemn and earnest manner, to exercise the utmost secrecy, circumspection and despatch. The necessary explanations and charges completed, the junior officer took his departure.

It was midnight. The elements were in conflict. Wild veins of light were flashing fiercely across the blackened heavens. The rain fell in resistless torrents. From every quarter of the angry skies, the thunder burst forth in terrific and deafening peals, as if the very spirits of the air were tilting at each other, in all the frenzy of deadly strife. Fit indeed, seemed the hour for '*treasons, stratagems*, and spoils,' and it appeared that the opportunity was too tempting to be left unimproved. For Major *** had scarcely sought his pillow, long enough to dream of 'dirks, and *British* blades, and ambuscades,' when an officer rushed into his room, to announce the fact, that a desertion had just taken place in the corps. The Commander seemed shocked and mortified in the extreme. The high reputation of his corps was dear to him as the apple of his eye.—It had hitherto [illegible] by a single act of dishonor. In the camp, this company was distinguished for the regular and orderly behavior of its men, and for their ardent devotion to their commander. Upon the parade-ground, it attracted universal honor and admiration, for the accuracy and elegance of its evolutions; while upon the field of battle, its courage and good conduct made it the pride of the army and the dread of the enemy. Imagine, then, the painful feelings that must have arisen in the bosom of its chivalric commander, when informed that a desertion had taken place in his ranks. He seemed, indeed, sturdily incredulous as to the fact. He suggested several probabilities of mistake; expressing a strong and decided hope that it would turn out a false alarm, he requested the men should be mustered, and the roll called; in order that the fact might be ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt. The officer charged with this duty withdrew, but very speedily returned, and, with the deepest emotion, imparted to his superior the very alarming intelligence, that the deserter was no other than our friend Sergeant Edmundson! This information seemed to touch the heart of the noble Partizan to the very quick. No man in the corps had been more highly valued, either by his fellow-soldiers, or the Commander; and the latter appeared so much distressed and confounded, that it was a long time before he could be induced to resort to the proper measures for the arrest of Edmundson. He seemed reluctant to discharge so *painful* a duty. Closely and carefully did he examine and re-examine his officer, fearing lest he might take *too precipitate a step*, in a matter of such deep moment. At length, however, after every considerate and prudent precaution had been taken, he seated himself to the painful duty of writing out the warrant to 'pursue and take Sergeant Frederic Edmundson, alive if possible, but kill him if he resists, or escapes after being taken.' Off dashed the pursuing party, under whip and spur. They spent the night in fruitless search. No trace of Edmundson could be discerned, no tidings of him collected. But the light of day is a fearful enemy to meditated or perfected crime. As the day dawned, the fugitive was discovered not more than half a mile in advance of his pursuers. Now came the fearful crisis.

'Draw your weapons, my boys!—spur to the rowel head, is the word! Show that foul traitor yonder, the metal of a Virginia steed, when backed by an honest man and a patriot, and in chase of a hellish deserter,' said, or rather shouted the officer who led the little pursuing party. A dozen broadswords flew from their scabbards, and flashed fiercely around the heads of their fleet and spirited chargers, as they rushed like unchained tigers upon the flying Edmundson. Fortunately for the latter, the speed and power of the animal he bestrode, were not inferior to the qualities of those which his former comrades were urging after him; otherwise, the days of the *deserter* would, in all probability, have ended here. His captors would have been too much infuriated with his daring villany—(for such *they* would have regarded it) to think of the conditional tenor of their orders, or the dictates of mercy. For a short time, the fugitive seemed disposed to stake his life upon the muscle of his horse, and to resolve to effect his original purpose of reaching P—s H—k. But recollecting that the animal had travelled far and very rapidly, he having been obliged to take a long and circuitous route in order to avoid the stragglers and outposts of the American army, he justly concluded, that he was too much blown to compete for any length of time, with the fresh vigor of those in pursuit. He determined, therefore to relinquish his first intention, and to throw himself under the protection of some English frigates, that were lying a short distance to the west of B*****. To effect this purpose, he now strained every nerve. A hasty glance to the rear, showed that the space between him and safety, was rapidly diminishing. He drew his sword and threw away the scabbard. His cap, cloak, and portmanteau were abandoned as useless incumbrances. Like the wind he now flew onward, and close upon his rear, his furious comrades came thundering on. [illegible]

[illegible] mundson continued to buffet the waves with lusty sinews, until a boat from the ship reached him, when he was taken up and transferred safely to the British head quarters.

* * * *

'Well, Eliza, what think you now of the *great, patriotic* Mr Frederic Edmundson? Has he not brought his fish to a pretty market? I do hope, my child, that you are now effectually cured of your folly. You find that old heads are, after all, the soundest and wisest in their councils.'

Thus spoke Mrs Floyd, with an air of triumph and exultation.

'My dear mother, I will not disguise from you, that this step of Mr Edmundson's has occasioned me the deepest anguish. His fair name among his countrymen will doubtless greatly suffer. I think, myself, he has very much erred in point of judgment. But I will not—I cannot, yet doubt that he is honorable. Forgive me mother, but I cannot so suddenly lose all good opinion of one, of whose fortitude and high principles I have seen so much; and I cannot, if I would, tear from my heart at once, a feeling that has grown so long and truly there. After all, America may be wrong in this conflict. At all events, I will sooner doubt the justice of *her cause*, than I will distrust the truth, the integrity or the correct patriotism of Frederic Edmundson.'

* * * * *

A few words more will close this 'strange, eventful history.' It was about the middle of June, in the year 1781, that the scenes of our narrative are continued. That able and accomplished General, Nathaniel Green, had taken the command of the Southern army, and was pushing his plans against the enemy, with his usual vigor and success. He was at this time chasing that perfect tiger, Lord Rawdon, upon the banks of the Congaree river. Suddenly, and as if by magic, Sergeant Edmundson appeared in the midst of the American forces. The amazement of his old comrades in arms was intense. They, together with their commander, had joined the Southern army, and amidst the fatigues and uproar of many a battle, they had lost almost all recollection of their bitter feelings against the traitor. Yet they had not forgotten the treason. They conducted the Sergeant to Major ***, who, to their unspeakable surprise, received him with every mark of respect and kindness!

Let us explain. The denounced, the detested Edmundson *was* a deserter—but a deserter, by the solemn entreaty of his superior officer; nay, by the urgent request of General Washington himself! His mission to the British camp was of the most delicate and momentous character, involving the fate of an abhorred apostate, and that of a young and accomplished English officer. It failed; but the failure was not attributable to Edmundson, who effected all that could have been expected from courage, sagacity and consummate prudence. He was munificently rewarded by the Commander-in-chief, who granted him a discharge from further service, 'lest he might in the vicissitudes of war fall again into the enemy's hands, when if recognized, he was sure to die on a gibbet.'

Eliza Floyd and Frederick Edmundson were married!—When the venerated Washington was called, by the unanimous voice of his country, to the command of the army, preparing to meet the forces of France, he inquired after Edmundson, 'being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of Infantry;' so highly did he value the services of the brave, the patriotic the devoted DESERTER.

[From the Boston Pearl.]

BIOGRAPHY OF JEREMIAH PINKHAM.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

MY friend Jeremiah!—Jeremiah Pinkham! Peace to his manes! He lies in the churchyard of his native hamlet cut off from among men by an untimely end!—and on his grassy grave, the unsophisticated villagers strew Spring's beauteous flowers, and come to reflect on the frailty of our natures, and weep the loss of one so truly gentle, so kind, so promising, as my friend Jeremiah! Jeremiah Pinkham!

Did you know him? Have you not seen him with his long neck, tastefully enveloped by a green cloth, whose ends floated gracefully over the lappels of his pepper-and-salt coat—a pair of nankin inexpressibles concealing his nether members, the extremities of which displayed a sock of the tinge of indigo—a hat that had once been beaver, covering his cranium—a mock camlet cloak, once of the color of chocolate, but now variegated by many a spot of yellow—the relic of by-gone days—robing his frame both in Winter and Summer, as if it were a part and parcel of his very flesh;—if thou hast seen such a one slowly perambulating Washington Street, staring at the specimens of the feminine gender there exhibited, as if peradventure his better half had strayed away, and he would gladly find her,—thou hast seen Jeremiah Pinkham, my much lamented friend.

Gentle, as I have said, was Jeremiah. The little insect was safe in his path, and he turned aside that he might not harm the reptile worm. When some frisky cow, or even sheep, has bounded toward him, he has, rather than injure his own kind nature by assaulting them, turned and run away. Divers individuals have in this accused him of cowardice; but I opine it arose only from the surpassing goodness of his nature—for gentle and harmless as the sucking lamb was Jeremiah.

And promising was he. As the sunflower lifts its head upward, so grew Jeremiah. Day after day gave renewed and increasing evidence of his capacious ideas, his aspirations for future greatness! Yet as the cornstalk falleth before the knife of the husbandman, so perished my cherished friend. His promise is departed; his hopes are gone; the grave covereth him!

Withal ugly was Jeremiah. Oft did his nasal protuberance, turned up at the end, excite the cachinnatory merriment of heartless scoffers, who were wont to denominate it—the handle of his face. Oft have his eyes, affectionately turned toward each other, and gazing in sundry indeterminable directions, provoked the sneering phrase from unruly boys, 'Who are you lookin' at?' Yet what are looks?—What mattereth the shape of the visage Nature has bestowed upon us? Yet did not Jeremiah reason thus philosophically. Mortified was he at his outward man; and much reason had he therefor; for beside the obliquity of the features I have enumerated, whoppered was his under-jaw, and carroty his poll.

Yet ambitious was Jeremiah; and for this, forsook he the quiet haunts of his native village; for this, departed he from the tailor to whom he was bound by ties of apprenticeship; for this, sought he the far-famed city of Boston; for this did he join himself to a grocer therein, and deal to gaping customers pouchong and souchong; for this, did he prepare himself to make a speech before the Young Men's Society for the Improvement of the World, which would have undoubtedly electrified the audience, had his modest bashfulness allowed him to speak it. Yet never was he destined to see his glorious aspirations meet with their just reward. Oft had he dreamed of fame. Oft had visions of his name high loaded with honors, gleamed across his verdant imagination; Jeremiah Pinkham, Selectman of Notown! Justice of the Peace! And sometimes a thought of himself as Representative in the General Court, shadowed his mental vision; but he quickly closed his eye on such ecstatic honors, as too lofty and unapproachable. Yet even his humbler wishes were doomed to be as naught. There are some men, who seem as if fortune was their minion. I would not be in aught frivolous, when treating of such a man as Jeremiah Pinkham! Yet of such persons I may be permitted to say, in the spirit of the ancient adage, 'A silver ladle hath ever protruded from their mouths.' They slip through the world as soup slippeth down the throat of the hungry man—most easily. Not such was the fate of Jeremiah. All things seemed to be adverse to him. His ladle was of iron, or rather he was gifted with none. His soup was no better than cold water. O, many a time, as he has folded the paper over the pouchong, or souchong, tying it with twine according to the rules of his art, have his eyes sought closer communion than ever, that they might mingle each other's tears, both almost hiding themselves from observation behind the ridge of his nose—and many a time has his nose turned itself more determinedly upward, when he has been standing in his store, as I have said three or four lines back, and reflecting on his wayward fate.—[illegible]

mised on and rioted in the gentle, confiding heart of our hero.

The name of the lady was Dolly—Dolly Makepeace: and one day Jeremiah asked her to go with him to the Atheneum Gallery, and she went. Our hero bought her ticket, and thought he had secured her heart. But at the head of the stairs, Peter Pierce took the arm of Dolly, and Jeremiah saw her no more that afternoon. He had sowed the grain, but his rival had reaped the harvest;—and this fell like a blight on his and, afflicted soul.

And again did he ask her to ride with him on horseback. Long was it before he could bring his mind to this, for a sorry figure did he cut on the back of his animal with his lank body, and painful to him was it when his horse did trot;—for two feet at every step rose he from the saddle the motion being accompanied with a quick-breathed grunt—bespeaking the agony of his torture; yet he knew Dolly loved to ride, and he heroically resolved to bear it all. But soon after they started, Peter Pierce came between, and Jeremiah could not get him out—and not a word did our hero address to Dolly during all the ride. But what was worse, the twain rode very fast, and our hero's horse would go as fast—being inspired with a laudable ambition; so that Jeremiah's breath was shaken from his body, and his legs from the stirrups, and he seized manfully hold of his charger's mane, whereat many laughed, and Dolly too,—and he felt that he had lost her—and this broke his susceptible heart.

Soon he went back to his native village—to die. He remembered long his unfortunate trip, and this threw him into a galloping consumption. He had dreadful dreams. A harpy came every night and preyed on his heart, and the face of the creature was the face of Dolly Makepeace! and oft did he exclaim in his sleep, 'O Dolly, Dolly, know no more!' So all the maids of Nutown pitied him that he was dying because of love: and they sympathised with him and much did it comfort him that he enjoyed the sympathy of such lovely ones: but it could not save him. Like a lamp that hath no oil, whereof the wick consumeth, so did sadness, having destroyed his hopes, eat of his mortal body.—Thus perished Jeremiah! Jeremiah Pinkham!

All wept for him, and vast was the concourse that followed his remains to the graveyard of the village of Nutown.—And you will find in my first paragraph, where if you turn back you may see them, for it were useless to repeat them, the following word.

'And on his grassy grave the unsophisticated villagers strew Spring's beauteous flowers, and come to reflect on the frailty of our natures, and weep the loss of one so truly gentle, so kind, so promising as my friend Jeremiah—Jeremiah Pinkham.'

'So fades the lovely blooming flower.'

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1835.

ETHICS.

The notes which follow are intended for a *satisfactory* reply to this pertinacious moralist 'L.' N.

Mr. Neal.—Your prompt denial of the remark I attributed to you about the word 'justice,' has brushed a cobweb away from a corner of my memory, where I find it set down, that in an article in the 'Yankee,' describing a phrenological examination of your own head, you did use the sentiment—and I care not whether the language was in 'himables,' or, as Byron has it, in—

'Our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we must hiss and spit and sputter all,'

or in Sanscrit or Cherokee—the sentiment was correctly attributed and if you will look back to the file, to which I have no means of access, you will find it.(1)

If I should ramble all over the word, as you do in your writings, the publishers would stop me, or their subscribers would stop them—so I must cast off the superflux and come to the marrow as fast as I can.

My remarks had reference *solely* to the law of limitations, and to the six years provision. All new contracts, all sales of debts by consent of the debtor; all assignments under law or usage have nothing, whatever, to do with the question which I made. I did not say—and did not mean to say—that one contract might not be annulled by a subsequent contract—but a moral law requires that it should be a *new contract*, entered into with mutual understanding and under new contingencies—and whether this is in conformity to law or usage is of no consequence, so far as the moral obligation is involved.(2)

Now we have only to settle, *first* the law of limitations—its meaning and utility—and, *second*, the actual understanding of contractors—leaving out, if I may say so, all that matter of assignments and sales on which you dwell so largely.

I say the law of limitations, so far as regards the *six years provision* is of *doubtful* utility. There are two sides to the question, I admit. This law places all the *onus* upon the *creditor*. It compels him to draw up the debtor and to submit to all the loss in case of any delinquency.(3) On the contrary, the debtor, who has promised, should full fil the duty, bear the burthens, and put himself right in court. Now, if the debtor is wholly unable to pay, he can refuse to renew his obligation, till he can take advantage of the statute in bar—but you say the creditor can *take steps*—yes, he can sue and get execution in season, and spend good money to do it—when, perhaps, the debt may never be worth a farthing.(4) Suppose there were no such law, the poor debtor would be aware of the accumulation of compound interest, as well as of the necessity of providing for any effects he might make to the original face of the claim, and it would become his interest, as it certainly would be his duty to see that proper settlements and adjustments were made.(5) I am aware of what may be said on the other side—all I mean to enforce now, is the fact, that the onus is on the creditor, while it ought to be on the debtor—and this alone renders it a law of doubtful utility. You will understand, that I do not refer, at all, to the provisions respecting administrators, &c.—they stand on different ground.

Next comes *the mutual understanding of the parties*—what is it? And first what is the nature of a contract? It is an agreement to give so much for so much—to give so much for so much—to give money, land, or labor, &c. for land, labor, money, &c. If it is an honest contract, voluntarily made, there should be mutual *profit*, or '*advantage*'—and if you can show any difference in the *real meaning* of the terms, please to do it forthwith(6)—but there may be loss on either or both sides, or the reverse—in many cases no man can tell the result. At any rate the question of profit has nothing to do with the obligation to pay according to the letter—for, if it has, the amount of profit would regulate the obligation to fulfil a contract—which it does not legally nor morally. To test this, suppose a man sells merchandise at *ten per cent* less than market price, from a pressure in his finances. The purchaser makes a profit of *ten per cent* added to the other fair profits of trade—but is he under any stronger obligations to pay, than if he had purchased differently, paying the seller a profit, and making his own fair profit? Certainly not.—Yet according to your doctrine, if he bought at a profit, he has more right to take advantage of law and be a rogue.(7)

All your talk about profit being an 'insurance' against moral delinquency is the merest humbug in the world.—Men look to the law for insurance against roguery—and look to their profit for insurance against non-payment by reason of death or misfortune. No man trusts a rogue without the assurance of ample security; and the condition, that a debtor may refuse to pay, when he is able to pay, merely because, by accident, negligence or lapse of time, he is able to hide behind a certain law, forms no part of the contract—or if it does, as I admit, legally and technically, it is against sound morals, and once fully adopted in practice it would subvert all virtue and integrity in the dealings of men.(8) There is no moral difference, in my estimation, between a common thief, and a man who would take advantage of a technical flaw in a lease or a contract, to rob his neighbor of his property.(9) Every debt should be paid 'according to the mutual understanding of the parties'—true enough—and I say the mutual understanding always is in honest transactions, that it shall be paid at all events, in full, to the letter, barring only unfortunate impossibilities, and subsequent contracts in which the creditor assents.(10)

I could say a thousand things upon this subject, but it must do—the point I make with you is upon the moral justice and right, of refusing to pay a debt, which, by accident, negligence or lapse of time, has become outlawed—a situation which formed no part of the mutual understanding at the time of the contract—and I go further and say, that no man of honor or conscientiousness would refuse to pay an acknowledged debt, for any discharge the law would give him, either by the express consent of the creditor.(11) I have not contended, as yet, that a debtor, discharged by a new contract, is bound by any law to pay up the balance—that is another question, which, however, I have no objection to argue upon moral principles. Please to answer at the point I make—and so that only. L.

P. S. (1) I am willing to contend, that all the Bankrupt and insolvent laws of discharging insolvent debtors, are founded upon false principles, and are destructive of good business habits and of good morals.—If I live ten years, I will make the world believe it, too, honorable as I am.(12)

NOTES IN REPLY.

(1) We never disclaimed the sentiment—only the language. On referring to the Yankee—we wish 'L.' had a copy—he is too clever a fellow to be without, and if we had one to spare, we would try to help him—we find the language as follows: 'I cannot hear the name of Justice without a leap of the heart.'—Perhaps 'L.' could say the same.—Others have said as much at the whipping-post.

(2) Thank you friend 'L.' The ground is abundantly narrowed now—and being within the ropes and foot to foot, here goes.

(3) The answer to this is that the creditor *undertakes* to do so—in which case where is the hardship? If he is unwilling to incur the risk of securing himself against contingency—why should the law, another and a different law, do it for him. It is not the office of the law to protect those *who can protect themselves and do not*.

(4) And if not worth a farthing, why should it ever be paid by *anybody* to the utternost? If land be not worth cultivating, nor enclosing—is that a reason why it should continue forever unappropriated? Put away the law of limitations, and *no property would be safe*.

(5) And why pray cannot a poor debtor now be aware of the necessity of providing for any such effects?—and why is it not as much his *interest* now, and his *duty* now, to see that proper settlements and adjustments are made? Simply, argues 'L.' because now the *onus* or risk is on the part of the creditor. Granting this, you grant everything we ask or wish for. There is a risk on the part of the creditor *now*, which there would not be, if the statute of limitations were repealed. Now we say that the creditor is *paid for that risk*—whenever he sells goods in the usual way, and at the market price, where the law is, and that *whether he knows it or not*: and therefore says he, being paid for running the risk—undertaking to use due diligence—while the creditor only undertakes to pay on *those conditions*, if the creditor fails in his part of the contract the *debtor is discharged from his*. Repeal the law—and with it our doctrines are repealed. Throw the obligation upon the debtor, with all the additional influence of compound interest, *and he will then save the premium he now pays*—he will buy his goods cheaper—and may therefore afford to forego many of those conditions and qualifications.

(6) With pleasure. *Profit* is regulated by price—*advantage* is not. One may be reckoned up in dollars and cents—the other not. In every trade, though both may have a *profit*, only one can have the *advantage*. It may be *advantage* for a man to sell a horse for fifty dollars that cost him a hundred—or a wife for a shilling that cost him a hundred thousand—but where's the *profit*?

(7) No such thing. But where it is a business-transaction the contract is to be regulated by *law*, without reference to the profit or loss of either party, or the *honor* of either. And the *law*, whether humane or not, to the contracting parties, and whether just or unjust, wise or foolish in itself, being the law, and being known to others in like business, and the goods being sold at the market price, or the labor done at the market price—in other words, being sold or done by those who are ignorant of the law, at the same price that others who know the law are selling the same goods or doing the same labor for—even those who are in fact ignorant of the law have nothing to complain of. The one party having paid—and the other being paid for the risk—though without knowing it.

But—suppose the statute of limitations actually inserted, word for word, into the very body of the contract—would 'L.' pretend *then*, that it ought to be regarded by every honest debtor as a *nullity*?—And where is the difference? We maintain that it is *in fact* a part of every contract, just as much as if it was written out, in so many words.

(8) All fudge. Look to the '*letter*' of the contract man, as you say: or the spirit, as we say.

(9) So say we. But we are talking not of *leases*, nor of *robbing* a neighbor of his property. Our argument is touching the moral obligation of fulfilling a contract. 'L.' would have us do more—we just exactly as much as we undertake to do. That's all the difference. We have nothing to do with conveyancing, chancery, or robbery.

(10) Here again 'L.' and Oursel are at issue. We contend that the creditor who neglects, or refuses to do what the law not only allows, but invites and urges him to do, has thereby made a *new contract with his debtor*, and may be lawfully dealt with according to the *conscience of the latter*. He is at the mercy of his debtor—and *ought to be so*. And whose fault is it—or whose folly rather? The law is intended to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves—not to encourage a remissness, *laches*, &c. &c. Look at the numberless exceptions in favor of infants, married women, trustees, persons beyond sea, administrators, &c. whereby the widow and the orphan, the ignorant and the helpless are protected against these very statutes of limitation; and then say what more could be done with safety.

(11) Indeed!—suppose the statute incorporated in his note of hand, barred by the statute of limitations—ought the debtor to have another *express consent* from the creditor?—If not, why not?—and if yea—where on earth is the difference?

(12) Bravo!—We hope you may. And when you have done so, we'll just take up the subject anew, and satisfy the world—in three skips of a flea—that without these very laws or an equivalent, society couldn't be held together *anywhere*. N.

THE WARREN BRIDGE QUESTION.

At last, after a protracted debate, an examination of the Question in every light which it could be placed, and a discussion of amendment upon amendment, the House of Representatives has arrived at a definite point upon the subject of the Warren Bridge—and has passed a bill declaring that if any person or persons on or before the expiration of the present act, shall give bonds to exempt the State from any liabilities whatever on account of the bridge, and to keep it in good repair, the money received from the bridge, which now lies in the Treasury, shall be paid into the hands of such obligors and the bridge shall be free.—This is the most favorable proposition that has yet come before the House and, for want of a better, is thankfully received by the friends of a free passage across Charles River. What fate it may meet with in the Senate is yet in the womb of time.

This section is opposed by the friends of the Charles River Bridge, who aver, that it makes no provision for the payment of the annuity to Harvard College in satisfaction of their rights of ferry, nor for the just demands and rights of the old bridge—neither for lighting, repairing or attending to the draw of that bridge, which of course will become valueless to its owners, when the Warren bridge shall be made free.

These objections appear to us altogether invalid; and we do not regard any of the proceedings of the Legislature by which tolls have been continued on the bridge since it was given up to the State by its builders, to have been founded in equity. The bridge was petitioned for *expressly* on condition that when the money expended in its construction and the interest thereon should have been reimbursed to the projectors it should become free—and the charter was granted on that condition. When this was satisfied, the bridge was given up to the State—which has since continued to demand tolls—it being argued that to abolish them would be to infringe the rights of the old Charles River company.

It seems then, that Harvard College and the proprietors of the old bridge have exclusive charters—the one to the privilege of ferryage—the other of passage by a bridge—and the question which arises in our mind is,—Has the State Legislature any authority to grant to any company the *exclusive* right to use the public for crossing Charles River? Let us examine this query.—First—Is there any thing peculiar about Charles river which makes it different from any highway? Or, Do bridge corporations in in general possess particular privileges? If the answer to the first interrogatory be No—we inquire again—Why that great peculiar advantages to those who have possession of it? It cannot be denied that it is favored in every respect. Let us make a comparison or two—There existed a suit recently pending which had the power to use carriages for the public conveyance from Boston to Providence. A number of men petitioned for a charter to run a Railroad between the two cities—this was granted—and forthwith the stock of the coach company was undervalued, and it was compelled to sell its establishment and throw up its charter. But no satisfaction was made to it for its absolute loss. We may be answered that no exclusive character was given to it. It may be—and the Legislature has no power to grant an exclusive charter. The Warren bridge should have been free the moment it had paid the cost of erecting it. It was what people expected—what they felt to be their right.

As to the loss to be incurred by the Charles river bridge proprietors—let us look at the point a moment. The stock was originally valued at about one hundred pounds per share—about four hundred dollars—the value has since increased to *twenty-eight hundred dollars* and even at that advance the shares have paid *twelve per cent*. How there can be any great loss in the case we are unable to devine.

The privilege of the Charles river bridge company bears a strong resemblance to the lien held by some of the Convents in Canada upon lands.—One-eighth of the proceeds of certain lands goes to those Convents—not only of the first sale—but every time the property changes hands.—Some gentlemen in Montreal, fully confident that this is an unjust demand, although authorized by law, have refused to pay it—and the Convents, rather doubtful of the case themselves, do not urge the payment, contented to receive the sum from those who do not question their right to it, rather than, by endeavoring to enforce the claim with resistants, jeopardize the whole. On no better grounds can any body of men assert their privilege to express the travel over Charles river.

The Militia System. The House has made one advance towards placing the Militia System on a proper basis. It has by a great majority abolished all exemptions—from the Lieut. Governor downwards. All citizens would stand, by this change, on the same footing—and the Judge and Minister of the Gospel be compelled to bear arms equally with the farmer and laborer. This is well. No man can plead any situation which should exempt him from shouldering his musket in time of need. The preacher can have no more solemn—more appropriate duty that to fight for his country—whether she be menaced by foreign arms or domestic discord. Late events have proved that our only safety *from ourselves* is in a well organized Militia. Those lawless men who are willing to change Liberty into Licentiousness can be restrained only at the point of the bayonet. Let our rulers look well to the respectability and firmness of our Militia System. H.

PROFILE SKETCHES, NO. III.

HENRY SOUTHERN.

This gentleman was at one and the same time sole editor of the London Magazine, after the death of poor Scott, and Associate Editor of the Westminster Review. Meagre, effeminate and pale, with very light fine hair, always unbuled up after what he believed a poetical air, a good voice, language and manner full of pretension, with spectacles rather coxcombically adjusted, and a something which satisfied you at a glance that he spent a long time at his toilette—he continued at the age of twenty-six, to enjoy a great reputation, solely upon the strength of one paper in the Westminster Review—and that paper a brief notice of Byron!—the only thing he was ever charged with writing, or even suspected of. And yet he was the editor of two celebrated Journals, and lived in high style—on the pay of his contributions, keeping at least one mistress and a carriage.

He was a charity scholar and the son of a barber—of which he was heartily ashamed; educated at Cambridge—or Oxford, we forget which, that was the only thing he remembered; though there were those who, from having been there about the same period, were able to trace the very tie of his cravat to my Lord of this—or the Duke of that, and all his second hand airs to their august and important originals.

Yet Mr Henry Southern was undoubtedly a clever writer. What he is now, we cannot pretend to say; having heard neither of him, nor from him, since he ranted forward among the literary brotherhood of the metropolis of the British Empire on the strength of that one article referred to!—Strange!—but such was the simple truth. And if any person of tolerable good understanding had ventured to ask if that were enough to justify all the fine things that were expected of Mr Southern; or courageous enough to say that he had not read the article in question—though put to in a large company, with all eyes fixed upon him—he would have been looked upon as past hope.

Now it so happens that we never did read it—though we tried more than once;—or rather tried to obtain it more than once, but were never able to succeed. On second thoughts, we are inclined to believe that it appeared in the London Magazine, and not in the Westminster Review.—There was some treachery about it however—a part appeared in one perhaps, and a part in the other—and still the man kept his character and the money of his contributors.

The annals of literature do not exhibit a more extraordinary case of reputation acquired without labor—or capital. After the blow up of the London—stay, it was before!—the man was *three* editors at the same time!—he set up another journal, wherein were republished certain papers that he selected from the British Museum and other like repositories, with a view of getting for himself, and he succeeded!—a reputation for black-lettres learning. He was also editor, and about the same time too, we believe on our hearts! of a work, the first volume of which appeared under this title, if we do not mistake, *Illustrations of Love*, and opened with the adventures of Alfieri, the Italian dramatist.

Of a truth it is an easy thing to get reputation—but not an easy thing to keep it. So much for Henry Southern!—Editor at one and the same time of the Westminster Review, of the London Magazine, of a black-letter journal much esteemed by the curious in literature of other days, which appeared monthly, and of the work last referred to—Illustrations of Love! Seeking the *bubble* reputation as he did—putting his life and soul upon every cast—enjoying the most extraordinary favor year after year, he was actually ashamed of his old father—above acknowledging the relationship that did him such honor—ashamed of that which was chiefly to his credit after all—his parentage and the difficulties that lay in his path.

With five hundred times the talent he possessed, Henry Southern might have lived and died in obscurity. With five hundred times *less*, he might have continued to occupy a place in the foremost rank of the literary men of Great Britain. A paradox, hey!—To be sure it is, but a paradox only on this side of the water; never on that. Henry Southern had college friends among the gentry—you among the nobility of the land. They had committed themselves in his favor at College. He was undoubtedly a scholar—a polite scholar, if nothing more—and the tie of his sackcloth was, we dare say, unexceptionable. Moreover it was copied from that of his patron perhaps—and 'who could resist him a patron's cause'?—Friendless, and relying upon his own merits, instead of being three or four editors at once, Henry Southern would have been a third rate hack scribbler for the magazines, without originality enough to ensure him a hearing in a respectable newspaper. But, upheld and supported by a large share of the influence he enjoyed, had he been altogether inferior to what he was, he might have edited the whole body of British periodical literature at one and the same time, built a palace at the cost of his contributors, without danger of complaint or impeachment. Such and so well bestowed is literary reputation over sea—in the *periodical* line. N.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Norman Leslie—by T. S. Fay. New York, Harper & Brothers. Boston, W. D. Ticknor. This novel has taken us by surprise—caught us napping. Barring an occasional clumsiness of style—a something like episodical difficulties—with here and there dull reflections, rather injudiciously blended—the work will stand comparison with the best novels of the day. Mr Fay's Foreign correspondence with the Mirror led us to expect something interesting, but heavy—the extracts from the work, before published, we supposed were the diamonds of the current, and did not rely upon them as an earnest of what was to follow. Yet here we have light very transition—glowing pictures—intensely exciting scenes—characters completely strength, and possessing marked individuality and over the whole a strong dramatic coloring. We think we can see in it a little more the touch of a 'green hand in the handiwork' than in some of the productions of the day—but we will return. We almost fell in love with the beautiful Flora—nay, we dreamed of her—for month to my, we began to read Norman Leslie, at 9 o'clock, P. M. and the spell of fiction held us enchanted six (to us) short hours—and the last waking thought was the first sleeping fancy.—Perhaps the interest of the story flags a little toward the close—else the intellectual nerves cannot be strained to such protracted tension. But say we, 'Mr Fay try it again give us another! and yet another!

We are happy to insert the remarks of our correspondent, because with the most of them we entirely coincide. Mr Fay has indeed succeeded in throwing into his work the most exciting interest—but (to find a little fault) it is not an interest of exactly the right kind. It is *feverish*—hurried—the scenes follow each other too rapidly—the mind has no one instant to repose and dwell as it would wish upon the picture before it, but is carried on and on, and the end of the novel is reached, ere one is prepared for it. A novel should represent nature, and Life has its stillness as well as its storms. Here all is storm. We do not altogether support our correspondent in his opinion that 'the characters are exquisitely wrought and possess marked individuality.' Mr Fay has shewn that he had a perfectly clear conception of his characters in his mind—but he has only, with some exceptions sketched them. As are his scenes so are his personages! in a hurry—they pass and repass like the heroes of a dream.

The effect of the novel on the reader's mind is the same as the impression of the images in a magic lanthorn. Bright vivid and interesting—but rapidly fleeting, and mingling with each other. There is none of the calmness of truth—you are immersed at once, in a foaming current, are whirled round by boiling eddies, and have no moment to get a foot-hold and stop to breathe.

The novel will be eagerly sought for, and read with great avidity—but will not attract a second perusal from the causes which we have mentioned.

As to minor faults, Mr Fay occasionally indulges in an inelegant remark or phrase which grates harshly on the ear—and is too fond of glowing *adjectives*, which give no distinct impression, and only convey a general idea.

There are some scenes which are exquisitely drawn, in which the interest rises by degrees to a climax, and the mind is not startled. Such are 'The German Student's Story' and the Trial Scene, both admirably delineated—the last a fine picture of a Court of Justice becoming as it sometimes is, a mockery of truth and the holy rights of man it is instituted to protect. A good lesson may be learned from it.

The novel will place Mr Fay among the most popular writers of the day—and as our correspondent remarks—'Let him give us another'—he must sit down calmly, however, and write slowly. Good as this is, a little reflection will show him how much he may improve. H.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

A Down-Eastern Dowry. A cow, a calf and a calico gown. So it was; but so it is no longer—it is now a township or two, a railroad, or a granite quarry. And these are marriage portions worth having. Ask Salmagundi else—who averred of yore when he saw a Cape Cod girl at the Springs, that she was trailing a quintal of codfish after her—even as he fancied when he saw a young Southerner flourishing away at Ballston, that she was made up of cotton bags, and little niggers.

Pure Yankee. What are you a doin of?—There's no jump to her—no kind o' sprawl—Had a terrible sight o' rain your way?—Why! have you?—had a good deal o' hay out last Sabberday—but the heft on't we got in afore meetin. When did you come *down*?—Why tother day; when'd you come up?—Ever so long ago! You belong to Poland?—No. To Minot?—No. You aint acquainted with a man by the name o' Togg—Jedediah Togg, hey?—Can't say't I am. Take an *care* that up stairs an *empt* it. He took and hit me, and then I took an sot down, and then he took an gut up, &c, &c. They are putty thick together hey! Well don't know but they are?—I saw them together last thanksgivin' day, and couldn't tell which was which.

Gratitude. A man praises your friend—and then asks you twenty-five cents extra for a job. You know it—you cannot disguise the fact from yourself—and yet you pay the extra with pleasure.

Influence of example. A. picks up a bank note in the street, and after looking at it, throws it away—B. sees him, and passing the same way, will not even stoop to give the note a kick with his foot.

Self-delusion. Observe how unwilling people are to be *undeceived*; or rather to be convicted of *self-deception*, even where they have much at stake—where it would seem to be their interest to believe at once. They slur over facts—avoid proof—shut their eyes to evidence—and seal their ears to testimony. The natural aspect of things affrights them. Having *committed* themselves—would you have them very forward to acknowledge it? They are always on the look out for self-justification—would you have them say as much?

Friendship. We knew a thoroughbred Yankee who took a most especial liking, as he called it, to a young friend of ours, now in his grave (Appleton the painter). To show his liking he used to make Appleton a multitude of trifling presents—a handful of raisins one day—a stick or two of candy another. He kept at the corner, and allowed him the run of the store, when the Squire was away. At last he jockied Appleton out of a good watch and two dollars in cash for an English bulls-eye—Appleton never knew what o'clock it was afterwards till the day of his death.

Ah! what is friendship but a name,
&c——&c——&c—

We leave the remainder to Mr S. G. Goodrich, or Dr Johnson.

Painting. Do you put red in all your cheeks? said a pretty girl to West, the portrait painter. No—not unless I find it in the original. Oh then you don't make *pictures* after all!

Autumnal fruitage. There are minds that when broken up for the first time in after life, teem with a thousand strange fruits and flowers, the seeds of which had never been heard of before—fruitage of gold—flowerets of more than starry splendor. There are treasures everywhere, that are never betrayed to mortal eyes—*never*, but by a convulsion. In old age men have taken fire all at once—and women, as by a flash. Blazing with beauty—drunk with fiery thought!—are thousands, whose very hearts appear frosted with the snows of another world. They are but smothered, not extinguished volcanoes.

Portraits. As much *drapery* as you like—but no *fashion*.

G. Stewart Newton. He is dead now; but he was a man of extraordinary genius—emphatically genius. All his pictures were sketches—at the best but finished sketches, but they are full of the master, and overflowing with the riches of the art. His mind was loosely woven—weave closer the warp and woof and you destroy the beautiful and showy texture, not only of his mind but of pictures—the sumptuous imagery degenerates into Harry-the Eighth miniatures. N.

Munificence. When a rich man gives one, five or ten thousand dollars from his overflowing coffers, his name is reverberated in thunders of applause from Maine to Georgia. The press is loud in sounding forth his praise, and his good deed is rife on every tongue. Ten to one he has a *motive* for his gift.

When a poor man from his scanty scrip, from feelings of true benevolence gives to the poor a five dollar bill, an infinitely greater gift in proportion to his means than the thousands of the *millionaire*, silence only records the act.

The rich man places his hundred dollar bill in the contribution box, folded in distinguishing white paper, and forthwith his praise is chanted by all. The comparatively poor man drops in his half dollar and nought is said of him. '*Which gift does Heaven bless?*'

A wealthy inhabitant of this city has given ten thousand dollars to establish a Baptist College in Illinois! Have we nothing at home that *needs* the money? Why does it go to Illinois? *The gentleman owns a vast quantity of real estate there and the College will build up a very pretty village.* Query—If a man assignments interest and benevolence, how much should go to the credit account of the latter? H.

In consequence of the press of matter of more immediate importance 'Paragraphs from No. VI.' is again unavoidably postponed.

TO MR. S. G. GOODRICH,

Editor of the Token and Atlantic Souvenir, Inventor and Proprietor of Peter Parley's Tales, Parley's Almanacs, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Dear Sir—Suppose a contributor to your entertaining and immaculate miscellany, entitled the Token and Atlantic Souvenir, had furnished you with an article containing this line—

'Tis the Divinity that shapes our ends:

And suppose that on sending him a proof, you had grown mealy-mouthed, and affixed a note of interrogation to this particular passage and requested him to substitute another, on the score of *indelicacy!* And suppose your contributor should turn up his nose at your suggestion, and by way of reply, inform you that if you didn't make a fuss about the line, nobody else would think of doing so, adding that if you chose to alter it you might: but if you did, it should be published by himself as he had written it: and suppose that, with a view to the emendation you thought necessary, you had changed the last word of the line thus—

'Tis the Divinity that shapes our *views*:

And now suppose, that ashamed of your folly, he should restore the line forthwith and publish it thus—

'Tis the Divinity that shapes our *ends*,

with a remark or two touching the question of *delicacy*—whose fault would it be? if when you appealed to the corrections by the author the public were startled with a new reading—and made to know—in spite of their teeth—what nobody would like to acknowledge?—Whose fault! we say again—we beseech you answer to the point?

Ah brother G. brother G.—what could possess you to forget yourself so far, and us? Didn't we tell you what you had to expect?—Didn't we say you'd better not, between ourselves, dear G. you'd better. But no!—you would not hear a word. You were determined to have us. Ah my lad, have I got you! said the shark when he swallowed the red-hot anchor fluke! N.

THE DRAMA.

We are happy to have it in our power to state that, by the order of Mr Barry, no creature of infamy will be permitted again to enter the doors of the Tremont Theatre; and while we make the announcement with pleasure, we cannot refrain from noticing the promptness of the manager, to obviate an evil which undoubtedly originated in thoughtlessness. The public is assured that every part of the Tremont is now equally respectable—and will continue so, that a gentleman may venture, without hesitation to carry a lady into the heretofore *banned* and avoided quarter. We have now a Theatre conducted on principles which no similar place of amusement in the country can boast. No ardent spirit is sold at the bars—and the *other* great objection so repeatedly advanced is done away with. The opponents of Theatrical Exhibitions can ask no more. Let us see whether they will give proper credit for these improvements. Let us see whether their opposition is founded on pure love of good order and morality, or a desire for dispute and a spirit of contradiction. We know some influential men, who have said that if ardent spirits were discarded from the Theatre, they would visit it, one two or three times a year with their families. That they did not oppose the Theatre, but were enemies to its attendant immoralities.—Last season no intoxicating liquors were sold—yet, not a man of those foremost and apparently *honest* opponents stepped his foot inside the door—neither did the manager hear the click of a copper paid for their families. Another point is conceded to them; we want to see the result.—We want something more than *words*. We are impatient to see if the manager is to be assisted by these to make up for the pecuniary loss he is likely to sustain by the changes he has introduced. Let them go and see the sterling plays now being performed. We shall welcome them with joy to the moral Theatre they have promised to patronize.

We have now a place of resort where innocent amusement can be obtained to drive away care, and the mind be instructed while the senses are delighted.—And while on this point, we would simply suggest to the Manager, whether it would not be well to expunge some of the exceptionable passages in some of the *old* comedies and *new* melo-dramas? They do not assist the play, and some are in a measure offended at them. A change would do good and could be productive of no harm.

On Monday Evening was performed 'The Wife,' being the first appearance this season of Mr and Mrs Ternan.—They both confirmed the very favorable impression entertained of them the last season. Mrs Ternan sustains a character more equally throughout, than any actress we have ever seen. Her husband is excellent in many things, but he wants flexibility. There is a stiffness about his enunciation and manner, which is unpleasant. He performed St Pierre, however, admirably.

Smith was very good in Ferrardo. He is striving to correct his faults, and is rendering himself every night more and more acceptable to the audience. Leman displayed great power in Leonardo, and had not he been a stock actor, would have been greatly applauded—but it would never do to applaud a stock actor. He has only to assume a little more dignity, and he will rapidly rise.

The afterpiece was 'The Housekeeper'—and not all the combined talent of the company could keep us from falling asleep. It is intolerably dull. The Manager had better withdraw it—it will be a clog to him.

On Tuesday 'The Gamester'—a dull affair at the best. Mr Gilbert must give up Stukely; he cannot do it. Mr Smith was formerly cast for the part, and will perform it far better. We do not say this to institute any illiberal comparisons, but a man cannot act in every kind of character, and this is one not in any respect fitted to Mr Gilbert's powers.

On Wednesday the Manager gave us the sterling comedy 'The Belle's Stratagem'—and it was admirably acted. We have come to the conclusion that the stock company at the Tremont this season, is superior to any preceding within our memory, if we except that of one season when the theatre was under the management of Russell—who collected a grand array of talent. We do not desire to see a better performance in most particulars than that of Wednesday night. Mrs Ternan's Letitia Hardy was very fine—Barrett's Doricourt was—*Barrett's*—that's all we need to say of it. Smith as Flutter was not quite easy enough.—Ternan was a little too stiff. Mrs Smith filled her part to admiration; and Leman was equally good in his.

What shall we say of 'Old Johnson'? We bless his phiz whenever it appears. Never—*never* have we seen his equal. He is almost above criticism. He identifies himself completely with the character he represents. It is a treat—a *luxury* to see him.

Mr Rice goes through his parts and gives us the same constant unfailing dose of—Mr Rice. He is as stiff as if he were spitted—and rolls out his wordsas music is ground out of a hand-organ.

As for the unfortunate Mr Fenno—he has not yet learned the difference between a horizontal and a perpendicular.—Two ladies had serious thoughts of fainting, alarmed lest his spinal marrow should be injured from the excess of his rearward curvilinear. The fact is, Mr Fenno is filled with a most insufferable vanity, and so long as this characterizes the man, it must, perforce, be the leading trait of the actor. If he persist in retaining it, he had better go a 'starring.' The Tremont is too insignificant for his most soaring and all-important self-consideration. The audience will give him three cheers if he'll go, and we'll promise him a puff.

We beg Miss Kerr to go to a master, and learn what dancing is—and read our announcement made two or three weeks since of what it is not—and until she has done this, we beg her to resist all urgent entreaties to 'hop skip and jump' about the stage. We thank her for what she has done, and youngsters pray her to do any thing in future but dance. Mr Manager, the audience was perfectly satisfied with Miss McBride.

Chit-chat. Mr and Miss Cooper are engaged at the Chestnut-street, Philadelphia. Mr Hill at the Walnut st. Mad Celeste has had overflowing houses at the Rotunda, and on her benefit night gave a collation to the performers on the stage. Mrs Sharpe is engaged at Drury Lane. Mrs Wood is going to play 'Ophelia' on Placide's benefit, with the original music. Booth is at the Front-street, Baltimore—very variable in his acting. A Mr Bult from London has appeared at the Park. Hackett has made money by speculation. F. S. Hill is stage manager at Cincinnati. Forrest, whom the Bostonians well remember as a fine actor, is in New York. Mrs Richardson, formerly Mrs Chapman, has returned to the stage. Sinclair is singing in England to crowded audiences. H.

THE ABOLITION RIOT.

On Wednesday afternoon last, the peace of our city was disturbed by the assemblage of a large concourse of people before the Anti-Slavery Rooms in Washington street, determined to prevent the exercises announced to be held by the 'Female Anti-Slavery Society,' at three o'clock. Before we make any comments, we will briefly relate the circumstances.

The mob began to collect at about half past two, and before three, two thousand people blocked up the street. No violence was committed for some time, and when female desired entrance, the crowd peacably gave way. But now the shout arose 'Thompson! Garrison'—and demonstrations of outrage were exhibited. The Mayor soon arrived at the scene of action, and assured the people that Thompson was not in the city, and exhorted them to disperse. He then went up stairs and prevailed on the females to break up the meeting and retire. The crowd made way for them, and testified their disapprobation of their proceedings only by hisses. 'Down with the sign,' ('Anti-Slavery Rooms') was at length shouted, and two or three gentlemen, at the request of the Mayor, took it down, and lowered it into the street, where it was speedily demolished. The mob not pacified, soon after found Garrison in a shop in Wilson's Lane, and he would infallibly have been severely handled, perhaps killed, had he not been assisted to escape into the City Hall. Front thence he was hurried into a carriage and carried to jail for safe keeping.

Such is a condensed account of the proceedings of Wednesday; and we look back to them with mingled feelings of sorrow, shame, and foreboding fear. About a year ago the city was lighted by the reflection of the flames from the burning Convent. Indignation glowed on every countenance, and it was said by all—whatever be the provocation never shall Boston be disgraced by the outrages of a mob—and Bostonians boasted of their determination to adhere to Law; but the events of the week have proved that Boston must kneel with her sister cities to receive the crown of shame! And that Boston citizens must bow their necks beneath the yoke of 'Unfettered Lawlessness!'—True, no serious outrage was committed; but enough was exhibited to give us a dreadful lesson of the degradation of public opinion; and a fearful warning of what the future may reveal.

We are no abolitionist—but we have friends who shrink at the thought of slavery—yet they with us deprecate the course pursued by Thompson, and regret that the Abolitionists should have persisted in bidding open defiance to public opinion. Undoubtedly many of them are honest believers in the opinions they profess, and conceive that they are fulfilling their duty to God and to themselves in endeavoring to disseminate them. It is a pity that so little judgment characterized their conduct, that they will not stop to see what their present course will give rise—to, when they look at the dreadful consequences that must be the inevitable effect of their doctrines, they do not stand (if they must meet) without bravado—and *quietly* discuss their sentiments.

But whatever they may do, can they give any aggravation that shall palliate an open rebellion against the laws? Can anything they can do, absolve us from our allegiance to the institutes of government, and our duty as citizens to keep the peace? Never! What may be the effect of our *example*? We tremble to think.

Most presses have praised the conduct of the Mayor throughout the riot. He is many respects indeed merited praise—but was it a proper means to quell the mob, to render the sign to be delivered to them? What! grant to illiterate men one step to prevent their taking the next! This is a new doctrine—and if persevered in, will undoubtedly succeed—not in restoring quiet, but in breaking down the barrier it would erect. It was an ill-judged and injudicious proceeding—calculated to spread the impression that the city authorities at heart favored the disturbances. We thought so—others must have thought so.

It has been said that the mob was composed of very respectable citizens, who love order, but will not allow the incendiary longer to inflame the public mind. Reputable! They may be so at home and when engaged in their business—but when they stood in that crowd, they laid the garb of respectability aside. To show how far one may be transported by excitement, we will mention the remark of one who professes to be a gentleman. When the Boys stood before the Anti-Slavery Room door, and said decidedly 'Mr Thompson is not in the city,'—this citizen immediately responded, in a loud tone, '*You lie sir!*' Surely he had laid aside his respectability.

A Justice of the Peace—ay a *Justice

witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.—By and by, Mr B. opened his eyes, cast a glance at the grey hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and turning to the Attorney General said audibly—'I'll defend this man.' He asked no questions of the witnesses, and took no notes—but when the evidence was through, he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments we ever heard. The testimony which appeared clear as noonday, he pulled all to pieces—he made discord of harmony—nonsense of sense—discrepancy of the most exact agreement—and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats the Jury declared the prisoner 'Not Guilty!' The weeping man with clasped hands leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing on the head of his defender. 'Let him out, Constable,' said Mr B 'and now, you old rascal, go about your business, and never let me catch you passing counterfeit money again.' The Jury stared in wonder—and we left the Court House laughing yet sorrowful.

WASHINGTONII VITA. New York: Harper & Brothers—Boston: W. D. Ticknor. A finely printed work and said by our best scholars to be pure Latin. In our school days we used to study Viri Romæ, and it seems to us that this book will be an admirable substitute for that.—Our children will combine a knowledge of the Father of their Country with an acquaintance with the Latin language. H.

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS AND NUTS TO CRACK.

Our compositor wishes us to state that by a mistake No. XII, of 'Brooks's Letters' was set up last week, instead of XI. We have therefore this week inserted XI. and XIII.

In answer to the information communicated by 'A Friend,' we say, that if one meddles with a snarling cur he gains nothing and may be bitten. Let the puppy snarl on, and if no notice is taken of him, in time he will cease to snap at our heels.

THE COMET. All the old women say that we are in the tail of the Comet—that they never saw such weather since they were born—and a Comet dont come for nothing. We dont know how much of the difficulty is attributable to our long-tailed visitor, but it is certain that our atmosphere is at present an *impenetrable mist*-ery. The Comet goes so fast that perhaps it is propelled by steam and we are in the *wake of the pipe.*

ANECDOTE. A countryman came to one of our hotels and wrote after his name P. O. P. S. F. C. Here was a title. 'Pray, my dear sir,' asked a bystander, 'what do those letters stand for?' 'Stand for! why that's my title!' 'Yes sir—but what is your title?' 'Why—*Professor of Psalmody and Schoolmaster from Connecticut.*'

COSTLY PLAYTHINGS. One of our Southern exchanges mentions the *sale* at auction of the race horse *Gohanna*, for the liberal sum of $14,000. Another notes the death of a famous horse valued at the more moderate sum of $12,000.

COUNT SURVILLIERS (Joseph Bonaparte) has returned to this country as his fixed place of residence. He arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday last in the packet Monongahela.

'THE PICTURESQUE BEAUTIES OF THE HUDSON RIVER,' &c. The Albany Gazette speaking of this work says, 'the engravings are all good, but some of them are masterly productions, and equal to the best English specimens.' Now the work and the engravings are very *good*, it is true, but to say that they are 'equal to the best English specimens,' is utter nonsense. It will not advance the arts in this country in the least degree, but will have a contrary effect. The public and the publishers will not thank the Gazette for this apparently *ironical* notice.

MRS FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER, it is said, has a Novel in embryo.—Our head against a copy of the work, that it will be neither as novel, original, or sell half as *well as her* Journal; and that was the next of kin to a still born.

N. P. WILLIS. '*The American Author*' has announced his intention of returning to this country—previously, however, the New York Mirror will contain some rhymes addressed to him by Miss Pardoe,—'*Hail Columbia happy land.*'

MATRIMONIAL. The following scraps we cut from the Western Weekly Review. If we recollect aright the Editor, one Hogan; a fellow of infinite backwoods mirth, is the identical knight of the scissors and paste, that awhile since published a manifesto to the effect that he had been jilted by his heart's *first love*—that he had forsworn the sex forever, and that from that time forward he should pour the vials of his wrath on that state, which the poet says

—————rightly understood,
Gives to the virtuous and the good
A paradise below.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS.
QUICK YOU CATCH HIM, FAST YOU HOLD HIM.

MARRIED. In Plymouth Massachusetts Jail, on the 12th inst. Mr Henry J. Stevenson to Miss Cynthia K. Shaw.

The bride was so choice of the bridegroom, that she had him deposited in Plymouth Jail for safe keeping till the ceremony of publishing was gone through with, when she went and had the knot tied.

For more matrimonial annoyances, read next week's Review.

Pity the sorrows of these poor young men,
Whose aching hearts have forc'd them to get married,
Whose days of bliss now dwindled to a span,
Cause them to exclaim '*twere better we had tarried.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

Lists of Jurors selected for the several Wards, accepted.

The Mayor was authorized to offer a reward of $500 for the detection and conviction of any person for setting fire to any building for the purpose of wilfully burning the same.

An order passed to number Prince street

Directors of the House of Reformation quarterly return of that Institution was read.

Warrants were granted to the following officers of the Fire Department: Augustus R. May, 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine Company No 1; Alfred Clark, 2d Assistant Foreman of Engine Company No 6.

Petition of Engine Company No 13, to have a bell placed on the Court House or Engine House, Leverett street, to be rung on the alarm of fire. Referred.

Remonstrance of Daniel Messenger and others against having a Circus or Theatre on the estate late the Lion Tavern. Received and read.

Petition of George Howe and others, to have Water street widened between Devonshire and Washington streets. Referred.

Petition of a Committee of the Journeyman Carpenters, for the use of the Grand Jury Room to hold their meetings. Referred.

Common Sewers to be laid in Tremont street, from the Greene estate, to connect with the Court street drain; Washington street, between Court and School streets; also in School street.

We are informed that two of the firemen on board the steamboat Portland narrowly escaped suffocation on the last passage from Boston;—that oiled cotton and sugar had been placed in a little room where they slept, and the cotton set on fire. It is added, that another fireman, supposed to have committed the villainy, had been set on shore by the captain.—*Post.*

OUR GENERAL COURT. *Salaries.* The House of Representatives were engaged Wednesday in a debate on the Salary Bill. The following reductions were made viz: the salary of the Governor from $3,666,67 (£1,100) to $3,000. The salary of the Lieut. Governor from $533,33 to $500; (this officer is also allowed his pay as a councillor.) The Secretary of the State from $2000 to $1800. The Treasurer from $200 to $1000. The second clerk from $900 to $800. First clerk of the Adjutant General from $1200 to $1000. The office of the second clerk of the Adjutant General to be abolished. The salary of the District Attorney for Suffolk to be reduced from $1200 to $1000. The bill was referred to the Senate for concurrence.—*Courier.*

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY. The Factory of the Tuft's Manufacturing Company, in Dudley, was broken open on Saturday night, 17th inst., and robbed of 21 pieces of finished broadcloths. A reward of $150 is offered.—*Worcester Spy.*

CRUEL ABUSE OF A BOY. A man was apprehended yesterday morning for brutally whipping an orphan boy about eight years of age, who was under his charge, with a [illegible]. On examining the boy, one hundred and fifty and [illegible] found on his body [illegible]

A SPECULATION. On the disappearance of Perry, the Drover, a few weeks since, under circumstances which gave rise to suspicions that he had been murdered, three of the Aldermen of Bangor, offered a reward for the recovery of the body of Perry, *if dead.* Subsequently the Board of Aldermen authorized the Mayor to offer a reward of the same sum for the same object, as a substitute for that offered in their own names. In this vote the words '*if dead*' were omitted, though the former advertisement in which the words were expressed, was referred to. It so happened that Perry remained among the living, and of his own accord returned to the neighborhood of Bangor. A man by the name of Stond, hearing that Perry was at his father's house, took him to the Franklin House and exhibited him to the curious, and then claimed of the Mayor the promised reward. His demand has been referred to the committee for consideration.—*Daily Adv.*

The Mayor and Aldermen have offered a reward of $500, for the apprehension of any person concerned in the late incendiary attempts in this city.

PROSPERITY OF BUFFALO. The mansion house in that city was sold recently to R. B. Coe, Esq. for $75,000.

Levi Fessenden, a young man was found dead near Portland on Monday.

SUICIDE. Mr. James S. Rowe, one of the proprietors of the Nashville, and of several other Theatres, shot himself with a pistol on Friday night, the ball entering his breast to the right of his heart. He died at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning.—*Nashville Republican.*

MURDER. In the Cincinnati Post of Saturday week, are given the details of a horrible scene. It appears that a certain John Cowen, a cabinet maker, of that place, having had a quarrel with his wife, struck her a blow on the head, and then, seeing the effect of this blow on his wife, the wretch assaulted his two children weeping at her side, and despatched them both with the same bloody instrument, and then fled. The children were aged about four and two years. When taken, he said he had expected to suffer death for the murder of his wife, and deprived his children of life, that they might not be disgraced by his crime.

INTEMPERANCE, GAMBLING, FIRE AND DEATH. Between 12 and 1 o'clock last night the town was alarmed by the cry of fire, proceeding from two dwelling houses in Quarry st., occupied by several Irish families. So far as we have been able to learn, the fire probably originated in carelessness, resulting from gross intemperance and rioting among the inhabitants. The fire originated in the garret, where it was probably communicated to cloths hanging to dry, by a drunken woman who had been up several times during the evening and night with a light. The boys asleep in the garret were waked by the smoke, and communicated the fact to the miserable inmates below, some of whom were still over their cups.—One of the number, we hear, was so beastly drunk, that it was necessary to drag him out in order to save his life. Two young women, we were told, were found in very little better condition.

Another female—wife of Patrick Doyle, a tenant—it appears, met the just retribution of the loathsome habits of the house. Instead of running out when the alarm was communicated, she went up stairs, and probably becoming bewildered in the smoke, perished in the flames! Such are some of the fruits of an Irish wake in Newark.—*Newark D. Adv.*

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis.*

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hartford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

BALTIMORE.
John Prentiss, Prin. Acad. Dep. University, Md.
Francis Waters, Select Academy.
A B Cleveland, Prin. Female High School.
William Hamilton, Lexington st. High School.
S W Roszel Prin. Boisseau Academy.
S B Rittenhouse, Prin. Male Public No. 1.
Samuel P Skinner, Young Ladies' Seminary.
Samuel W Kirkham, Au. of a popular Eng. Grammar.
Susan M Ingalls, Select Female Seminary.
Rev J P K Henshaw, Rector of St Peter's Church.
Rev R J Breckinridge, Pastor Presby. Church.
Rev. John D Bartow, Rector Trinity Church.
PHILADELPHIA.
Samuel B. Wylie, D D Prof An. Languages in the University of Penn.
Walter R Johnson, Prof Mechanics, and Nat. Philos in the Franklin Inst.
R W Cushman, Prin. Young Ladies' Collegiate Inst.
Rev S W Crawford, Select School, Chesnut st.
Rev Charles Henry Alden, Young Ladies' High School.
Charles Picot, Select School for Young Ladies.
John M Keagy, Friends' Academy, 4th st.
S C & B Walker, Scientific and Class. Acad.
Oliver A Shaw, Teacher of a Classical School.
N Dodge, Prin. Harmony Hall Seminary.
John Frost, 8th st. Select School.
C D Cleveland, Select High School.
Rev Sam'l A McCoskry, Rector St Paul's Church.
Stephen H Tyng, D D Rector Ch. of the Epiphany.
Ezra Stiles Ely, D D Pastor of 3d Pres. Church.
Rev John McDowell, Pastor Central Pres. Church.
Rev John W James, Asst. Minister Christ Church.
W H Delaney, D D.
NEW-YORK.
Wm T Adams, Teacher Select School.
Edmund Barry, D D Prin. Classical Acad.
R Huddart, Select School.
George W Hall, Prin. Washington Institute.
L D Windsor, Prin Public School No. 1.
Rev Geo Bush, Prof N Y University.
Rev Cha's Authon, Prof Columbian College.
Rev J F Schræder, Asst Minister Trinity Church.
F S Worth, Prin Academy, Franklin st.
Rev John Powell, Rector St Peter's Church
Rev H Anthon, Assist Minister Trinity Church.
Rev John Woodbridge, Pastor of Bowery Church.
John McVickar, D D, Prof Men Phil'y Columbian College.
Rt Rev B T Onderdonk, Bishop P E Church, N Y.
Eliza Robbins, Author Popular Lessons, &c.
Lyman Cobb, Author of several valuable School Books.
HARTFORD.
Mrs L H Sigourney. T A Knox, Prin Central School.
F Goldthwait, Prin So Public School.
John P. Brace, Prin Female Seminary.
Rev Henry Stanwood, Pastor So Baptist Church.
Rev Horace Hooker, Editor Conn Observer.
Rev C C Vanarsdalen, Pastor 2d Church.
Rev Joel Hawes, Pastor 1st Church.
Rev G F. Davis, Pastor 1st Baptist Church.
BOSTON.
Rev Joseph Tracy, Editor of the Recorder.
Rev F W Greenwood, Rector King's Chapel.
Rev Wm Jenks, Pastor Church Green st.
Rev J S Stone, Rector St Paul's Church.
Rev H Winslow, Pastor Church Bowdoin st.
Rev Baron Stow, Pastor 2d Baptist Church.
Edward Reynolds, M D. John Randall, M D.
S D Townsend, M D. J V C Smith, M D.
S A Shurtleff, M D.
F Emerson, author of several popular School Books.
Samuel Barrett, Prin Adam's School. J Fairbanks, Writing Master.
Levi Conant, Writing Master, Elliot School.
Barnum Field, Prin Hancock do.
P Mackintosh, Jr Writing Master, Hancock st.
Cornelius Walker, Prin Wells School.
Abner Forbes, Prin Belknap st School.
T B Hayward, Select School Mt Vernon st.
James Robinson, Writing Master, Derne st. School.
Charles Fox, Prin Boylston School.
A Bronson Alcott, Sup't Prin School, Masonic Temple.
John P. Lathrop, Writing Master, Wells School.
Geo K Dillaway, Prin Public Latin School.
D H Storer, M D. Chandler Robbins, M. D.
J H Lane, M D.
Josiah Holbrook, Lecturer on Lyceums, &c. &c.

Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gumney; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C, Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y., T. M & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.

MR. PADDON,
210, WASHINGTON STREET.
sept 12 tf

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,
LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 33, Washington street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selection, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 10

MATTRESSES, FEATHER BEDS, TICKING, &c.
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.
june 27

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.
No 3, Water st. (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.
☞ A large discount made for cash. april 4

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.
JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO.* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!
A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

NOTICE.
REAL Estate and Intelligence Office, under No. 1, Washington street, head of Dock Square. The subscriber will devote his whole time and attention to the execution of any orders with which his friends and the public may favor him in the above business and refers to Messrs John D. & M. Williams.
JEREMIAH FOSTER.

N. B. Those who are in want of help will please leave their orders as above.

FOR SALE—A genteel three story brick dwelling house, situated on Salem place; the terms of payment will be made easy.

WANTED, to purchase or rent a small dwelling house, in a respectable neighborhood in the vicinity of Hanover street.

Also, waned, a coachman, two men to tend bar, three men in private families, and an ostle sept 19

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.
FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)
CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 30 in. do do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

NEW BOOKS.
WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c, 3 volumes.

The Token and *Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.

The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with nine engravings.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, Esq. in 2 volumes.

Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and facete of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, No 133 Washington street. sept 25

TO THE AFFLICTED!
DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury.) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s. per box. 6w sept 26

NEW BOOKS.
COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.
100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,
july 25 414 Washington street.

STOCK FRAMES,
BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON
ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

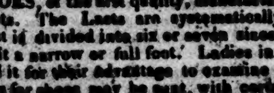
THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.
A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

THIS DAY
IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. HUGH L. WHITE, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

NEW WORK.
THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents, of the work, MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.
AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by
JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 195 Washington Street



READY MADE.
CUSTOM SHOES.
JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The latter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,
July 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

DRAWING MATERIALS.
JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Hotel, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Custos, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade; Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 53 inches; Bristol, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Palettes; China Saucers; black cases of Instruments; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Camel Hair Pencils; India Ink; Parallel Rulers; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

J. BURRILL,
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
75
CORNHILL.
july 17 6w

LITERARY PREMIUM.
THE subscriber respectfully offers to any past or present member of the Fire Department, (actors excepted) a SILVER CUP, value Fifty Dollars, for the best Poetical Address to the 'Firemen of the City of Boston;' to be delivered on or before the 15th day of December. A committee of five literary gentlemen will adjudge the Prize. The subscriber will consider the second best likewise his property; others will be returned, if desired. W. H. SMITH.
Tremont Theatre, Oct. 17, 1835. 1D15

SEVERAL
SPLENDID PAINTINGS,
WILL BE EXHIBITED FOR A FEW WEEKS,
At Harding's Gallery, School street.

THE genuine lovers of the fine arts, who are curious to see the most celebrated Easel Paintings of Raphael and Corregio, (the two great artists,) will please to seize an opportunity not before offered, of looking at very faithful fac similes of their most spirited performances, painted on original size, by several of the best German artists.

Open from 9 o'clock until 2, and from 3 till dark. Admittance 25 cents. oct 17

BOAS! BOAS!! BOAS!!!
THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.
sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

DAY & EVENING SCHOOLS
MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER, continue their *DAY SCHOOL*, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English Education.

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid by Mr Baker to those who wish to fit for the Counting Room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL*, in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

CHAPMAN'S
COUGH MIXTURE,
For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. CHAPMAN, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritation, Tightness in the Chest, and other obstructions to free and easy respiration, and produces repose, unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.
T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.
This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made use of it say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquility to the patient when laboring under this tormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

Boston, Ms. July 8th, 1835.

This may certify that for five or six years past I have been troubled severely with the *Piles* and until I made use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment*, I found nothing that would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend it in preference to any article whatever.
GEORGE HOBART, No 15, Doane street.

FISHER'S
CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER.
This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial, and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

Worcester, Ms. July 20th, 1835.

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corns*, and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.
E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, Druggist, 26 and 27, India street, Boston.
Also, for sale by Druggists Generally.
oct 10 tf

DISSOLUTION.
THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D. PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

FOR THE DEAF.
THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52. Water st.
may 16

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.
feb7 JOY'S BUILDING, ROOM, No. 24.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.
THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with M Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.
july 1

RICH SILKS & MERINOS.
E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received 5 cases plain and figured SILKS and SATINS, large and small figures, rich colors, extra qualities and *new styles.*

3 cases extra super LAMA MERINOS—colors, bronze glass and invisible greens, browns, olive, adelaide, hyson, mulberry, fawn, drab, ashes-of-roses, royal, scarlet, maroon, cherry, pink, blue, salmon, wax, gold, orange, black.

4 cases ENGLISH MERINOS, all colors *very low*.

5 " English and French CHINTZES, some new and beautiful styles;

3 bales White Flannels, all widths and qualities, some *very fine*;

2 bales Highland Plaid Shawls, splendid patterns.

1 case Prussian Shawls and Hdkfs. a very desirable article for the season;

A good assortment of Broadcloths and Ladies' Cloths, of fashionable shades; Buckskins, ribb'd and plain; Cassimeres; Blankets; Marseilles Quilts; white and col'd Table Cloths; VELVETS; Raw Silk, Cashmere, Thibet and Merino Shawls and Hdkfs. in great variety, and other desirable goods, adapted to this season.

☞ Purchasers are invited to call and examine these goods, as they are selling at *low prices.*
sep. 26 istf

TOOTH ACHE.
THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august8

NEW BOOKS.
THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati præponenda sint.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

FRANCESCA CARRARA. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. GOULD'S Poems—New Edition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, for 1836. Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE
THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial street.
Refer to Messrs.
Robt G. Shaw & Co. and
Edw. & Wm. S. Reynolds.
BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

DIORAMA.
WRIGHT'S NEW PICTURES.

CAPT ROSS'S EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE! Open Saturday, October 3d, with two additional Views.

PHYSIORAMA, KENT, EAST INDIAMAN, ON FIRE, and beautiful representation of a VILLAGE IN SWITZERLAND.

The high reputation gained by the exhibition of the 'Departure of the Israelites,' (lately destroyed by fire at New York) and Belshazzar's Feast,' will, it is hoped, be a guarantee that the Pictures now offered for public approval will also be deemed worthy their continued patronage.

Pamphlets descriptive of the views, will be delivered gratuitously.

Open from 8 till 1, and 3 till dusk.

Admittance, 25 cents; Season Tickets, 50 cents; and as the Views will be varied, and Novelties put forth between the months of October and April next, the public attention is respectfully called to this notice.
oct 3 tf

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

THE Cars for the present and until further notice will
Leave Boston at 8¼ A. M. Leave Lowell 8 A. M.
" " 11 A. M. " " 2 P. M.
" " 4¼ P. M. " " 4 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.
oct 3 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,
NO. 52, for October, just published by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington street, (up stairs.) oct 10

PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES.
THE Boston Phrenological Society inform the public that a course of Lectures will be given under their direction during the ensuing season, at the Hall of the Masonic Temple. JOHN NEAL, Esq. of Portland, will deliver the Introductory Lecture, on FRIDAY EVENING, 23d October, which will be followed weekly by four Lectures, by J. B. FLINT, M. D. on the Anatomy of the Human Brain, and upon the Comparative Anatomy of the Brains of Animals. The Rev. Mr. BRADBURY, will then give eight or nine Lectures on the peculiar doctrines of Phrenology, including a description of the organs; and other competent Lecturers will finish the course, which will consist of about fifteen lectures delivered on every successive Friday evening.

☞ Tickets admitting a lady and gentleman may be obtained at two dollars each, at the Bookstores of MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, WM. D. TICKNOR, MUNROE & FRANCIS, &c. oct 3

JOSEPH STARK,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has opened his store at No 43 Congress street, where he offers for sale CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, of the first quality, for cash—which he will make into garments on moderate terms.

N. B. Those gentlemen who may wish to furnish their own cloth, can do so—and all Garments will be made in a workmanlike manner and warranted to fit.

WANTED—Several first-rate Coat, Vest and Pantaloon Makers, to whom constant steady employment and the highest wages will be given.
oct 10 3t

LAST MANUFACTORY.
WIGHT'S LAST MANUFATORY, in Fulton street, is now in operation again.

The old friends and patrons of CHARLES WIGHT, are respectfully requested to '*drop in*' with their orders.

The enlargements and improvements introduced since the fire, it is hoped will enable this establishment to '*go ahead*' on such a scale as to fulfil all orders with punctuality and despatch—at any rate, no efforts will be wanting to merit a continuance of that liberal patronage which has been extended to this establishment, since its commencement in May last.

The public are respectfully reminded that this establishment has no connection whatever with the manufactory on Front street, or the store in North Market street.
oct 3 3w No 30, Fulton street, Boston.

CORRECTED PROOFS.
UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.* as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric. *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition. H. HASTINGS WELD.

*** Subscriptions received by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the BOSTON PEARL, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

FUR CAPS.
THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars &c
sept. 19 GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

FOUND
IN Harvard Place, about the 14th ult, a bundle of Gentlemen's wearing apparel which the owner may have by applying to AMOS BAKER, at the head of the Place.
oct 10 3t

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.
JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

REMOVAL.
A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 2mis august 22

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.
THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Venereal Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.
Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS
HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Gallia Vesalie, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gladiolus, Ranunculus, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.
june 20

APPROVED
SCHOOL BOOKS.
ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire—revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street school, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1834, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.
JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, Jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo. pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston, 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the *school of*, which he has the charge.

☞ As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notice from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞ The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. copis3m may 30

MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.
MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞ Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.
april 4 3m

REAL MADRAS CRAVAST
A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington. mal stre at 6

PROSPECTUS.
WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:
Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed, as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glistering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

BENJAMIN WILLIS,
DRAPER AND TAILOR,
No. 2, TUDOR'S BUILDINGS, COURT SQUARE, TWO DOORS FROM COURT-STREET, BOSTON,

MOST respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the Shop lately occupied by Andre & Lovell, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches, and solicits a share of the public patronage.

B. W. has on hand a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere in the city.

☞ Particular attention paid to CUTTING, and in workmanship, style, or fit, there will be "*No Mistake.*"
august 22 6t

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,
EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

MISCELLANY.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

NO. XI.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

Clapham, June 19, 1835.

It will puzzle any one who attempts to find this place on the map, for it puzzled me not a little to find it on foot, ganging, as I did (so they speak hereabout) ower fells, and tarns and steyns, through moors, and fens.—We have travelled in a straight line to day, which can be done, I suspect, in no other country but England—turning aside for nothing in the ordinary way—now and then lolling on the grass, and now and then chatting with a Yorkshireman, when we could find one, just by way of experiment to see how it would seem for two persons to be talking the *same* language together, without one understanding one word in ten of the other. At any rate, we have got over thirty three miles somehow or other,—and here we are wofully fatigued—with aching limbs and feet. We breakfasted at Hebden eight miles from where we started, which place is remarkable for nothing but the clattering made by the wooden-soled shoes of the inhabitants. We then moved on to Grassington some two or three miles farther, where they told us terrible stories of a large Moor that was in our way, which they advised us by all means to avoid as strangers were often lost there in the mists, wandering hither and thither a whole day without food or shelter. This was not a story, however, to frighten Americans brought up in wildernesses,—and therefore, after obtaining the best directions we could, we ascended a long hill to get upon the moor. The people about were very kind in telling us every thing about *fells* and *tarns*, but unhappily we could not understand them. I should have been about as well off among the Calmucks. However, we made them point out the directions,—and watching the sun, took a view of the moor, which as far as we could see, held not a single habitation. Would you believe it, that in a country so thickly populated as this, where, in certain quarters—there does not seem to be earth enough to stand upon, a range of territory could be found six miles in length, where the traveller does not see a house—and yet we went 17 miles on this moor, meeting but a few, very few houses. The moor is all for pasture.—Cattle and sheep were grazing about in all directions. I got here some of the sweetest milk I ever tasted. Not a tree was to be seen, unless it be miles apart, groups, that the hand of man has planted to shelter his lone habitation from the winds that have full sweep over this desolate spot. We met no difficulty in 'navigating' this 'terrible' moor. I preferred it to the hard and dusty road. The inhabitants around who seldom venture here have very solemn stories to tell,—but how much more solemn would be their stories, if put upon one of our wide reaching prairies. True, the mist might delude a man here, but there are no wild beasts to eat him up, even if night overtake him. One side of this moor is the property of the Duke of Devonshire—but little does that gay nobleman now in London, know of the queer people he has for tenants in this remote region.

The principal occupation I have had during the day, except that of walking of course, was in studying the Yorkshire dialect, but this is a difficult undertaking, for even this dialect has dialects of its own,—and when I could learn a word, ten miles further, it might be out of use. This was worse than it was anciently in the states of Greece, though I don't mean to say these are Grecian states. The fact is, our Choctaw and Cherokee Indians speak about as comprehensible English as these people do. I have been quite as much at home among the Greeks. And yet Englishmen come over to our country where the great mass of the people speak far better English than the mass do in England, and then ridicule some Yankee and western peculiarities stamping them as the conversational language of all the nation! Why, the fact is, if you go one hundred and fifty miles from London, you are just about as well off on the score of language in Sweden or in Holland as in England. About here, and in Lancashire and Westmoreland, I knew not how many dialects there are. I will give you specimens by and by. If you go in to Scotland, Scotch thickens upon you. If you push to the highlands, it is almost all Gaelic If you cross to Ireland, then comes the wild Irish. If you go back toward the capital, Welsh meets you again, aye, in the very emporium, at the very Court city in London itself, there is a Cockney dialect, which if it is understandable (there ought to be such a word, if there is not) only amuses you the more, for understanding it at all. Now these people, who don't speak English at home come over to us, and ridicule our English when they can travel three thousand miles in America, and never meet an American whom they cannot readily understand, unless he be of French, German, or other foreign extraction. Isn't it one of the funniest ideas in the world?

A well-educated Englishman is a *foreigner* in one sense in about two thirds of his own little *Great* Britain,—and hence, perhaps, his sensitiveness in the matter of words.—'*Wha*,' says a Yorkshireman, opening his mouth at the Englishman's well-turned periods, in perfect stupidity—*wha*,' he repeats, and when he can't understand, add with a shake of the head—*Ah's nea scholard*,' I am no scholar—' *Ah's boon't toon*,' I'm bound to town, says another—' *Seea Ah'll gang wi ye*,' so I'll go with you. And then if you ask how far, you may find it to be about—*aboon* a mahle an' a hawf, nobbut' (only). H is always Y, as *yeats* for *heats*, and *yut* for hot. No wonder then, that when the poor Yorkshire girl went to London, she had reason for giving the following account of it, when asked how she liked it. 'Marry, sur, Ah like nowther egg nor shell on't. They're sike a set o'fowk as E nivver seed wi' my een. They laugh and fleer at a body like ony thing. Ah went nobbut t'other day t' t' beeaker's shop, for a leeaf o' breed; and they fell a' giggling at mah, as if Ah'd been yan (one) o' t' grittest gawrisons (fools) i' t' warld.'

Now if I were to write after the manner of the Hamiltons, I should set this down as a specimen of good society English. And there is not in it one word of exaggeration—for nine tenths of the peasantry of Yorkshire talk in this or a worse manner, and it is indeed surprising,—well illustrating, however, the difference between the locomotive propensities of our countrymen and the English—that such a language can be kept up in the heart of a country! How far the educated men of England surpass ours, who really deserve that word educated, I shall show some day or other, when I look more at their Parliamentary orators.

One thing is very observable, that the English do much more in conversation to corrupt the language than the Americans do, by a more hurried manner of enunciation—by biting off and eating up the tails of syllables and words—and by a dandy mode of jerking them out—witness the House of Commons *passim*—and a hundred streets and places which have been mutilated, such as *Covent* Garden for *Convent* Garden,—and *Charing* Cross, which though now called Charing Cross, fifty years hence will be *Chair* Cross in the mouths of every body, for the whole population of London are engaged at the present time in eating up that poor word. The English are so very remarkable for this ravenousness in devouring syllables, that it is a common remark of the French, that they always understand them with difficulty, whereas an American is understood with much more ease. There is nothing about this Clapham of interest, or of the road over which we have travelled, other than what I have written. The long moor over which we came was quite barren of incident. At a place called Astwick not far from here, I was amused by the stupid ignorance of the people, who seemed to know nothing of roads, places, or distance. I verily believe that half of them don't know what a Stage Coach is—and I vainly strove to put my idea of a turnpike with theirs, so as to get some information of a Coach that was expected upon it, some two miles off, and for which I was aiming at full speed. While I was striving to teach the blockheads English, and replying to their stupid "wha," I lost the Coach,—and Clapham has me for the night, which has at least one great blessing for such a weary traveller, and that is a superb bed, with excellent milk to drink, and eggs and bread to eat. I shall always stand up for English Public Houses. B.

NO. XIII.

Carlisle, June 23, 1835.

After a fatigue of the night our good beds at Borrowdale and our weary selves, did not bid each other good bye till near 12 o'clock. To work we went then, studying geography again. I did not care much where I went, provided our way was off the Post Roads where the whole mob of travellers now let loose from London, were beginning to go, 'to see the country,' which they commonly see in a post chaise, or a stage coach at the rate of ten miles an hour. At last, concluding that we could dispense with more walks in the mountains, we, hired our tavern-keeper to take us in his go-cart to Derwentwater,—and we came to this conclusion the more readily, because the people of the house told us we should see a great water-fall some few miles off. We left then the most wild pass of Borrowdale, as it is called (*thwaite* is the name here given to [illegible] cleared) without seeing the great black lead mine hereabout; and soon we came to a large rock kept for show at sixpence, 'if you please,' provided you ascend the steps. By the way, every thing in England, of church, river, or scenery, every thing a little out of the ordinary way, is kept for a show,—and you are expected to give for a sight from half a crown down to 'what you please.' Now no people are so ingenious as the English in discovering shows, and their inventing the means of making stray visiters pay for the sights. No where else but in England, I am quite sure, would a poor creature expect to get his living by 'tending,' as we should call it, such a rock. Anon we came to the famous water-fall, called in the guide book 'the Niagara of the lakes.' I pricked up my ears to hear the roar of this terrible cataract. The prospect was indeed grand about me. The mists were flying over the rough and bare hills in dark squadrons as if some battle were to be fought in the sky by the king of storms. But I could hear no waterfall! Our carriage stopped. A woman with a solemn air, planted a chair near the wheel of the cart for us to alight from it. Her manner was so grave, and all was done with such solemnity, that I really feared for a moment our own Niagara was to find a rival. I pricked up my ears again, but no Niagara as yet! all was quiet. I looked at a little artificial pond where fish were sporting,—a sight that is given I suppose, to sharpen the curiosity to see the Niagara of the lakes. At last, with this exordium over, we began to approach this Niagara of the lakes. I stopt and listened, but for the life of me I could not distinguish this Niagara of the lakes from the bull frogs about it.—We approached nearer and nearer, and yet I could not hear this Niagara of the lakes. At last I saw a foam.—I heard a little grumbling of the waters. I found a steep descent. I saw rocks thickly scattered about it. The place was rather wild—but when I reached this Niagara of the lakes, my friend and myself burst into a roar of laughter, that drowned all 'the roar of the cataract,' to the unutterable horror of the poor woman, who had put herself in the most solemn attitudes to describe this solemn sight. She ran away from us in despair, as if we were some Turkish Infidels, profaning the very ground on which we trod;—and when we returned, and gave our fee for the show, I am quite convinced, that she must have feared even money from such soulless monsters as we seemed to be. Never be deluded a step out of your way to see any of the Niagaras of which an Englishman boasts.

As we began to leave the wild pass of Borrowdale, the cottages and the *Holms* (islands, or plains by the water side) of Derwentwater were in sight. There are but few more varied views in any place than the traveller here has, as he looks backwards, and turns his eye from the lake of the mountains. The constant mist that ever seems to hang over these mountains adds to the interest and grandeur of the scene; and no where could ignorant superstition have more to encourage its visions and fantasies, than amid such dark and doubtful abodes. But about Derwent lake, some of the best of English society has assembled, again illustrating the love of, and taste for, scenery which the English have. Elegant mansions, fields, beautiful walks, copses—all, of the English highly-cultivated scenery is about this lake too. As one goes up toward Keswick, and looks down, he seems to have come from the very gates of a wilderness—or, as the picture was when we saw it, to have emerged from the regions of mist to the regions of day—to have left the abode of the clouds and the storms where they rest upon the mountain tops, and to have found out an abode of man where all is exhibited to please his eye. But little of landscape or prospect is left about here unadorned, or unappropriated. The islands of the little lake have mansions on them, and these, taste has adorned yet more with paintings, and statuary, and all the other ornaments that wealth can purchase. These lands once belonged to Lord Derwentwater who shared the fortunes of the Pretender in the civil war, which cost him his life, and the forfeiture of all his estates.—Greenwich Hospital has an annual revenue of 70,000*l.* from a large tract of this land, which was given to it by the Government.

Having arrived at Keswick, which of itself is not remarkable for any thing that I know of, we became foot-passengers once more. Southey, the Poet Laureate of England resided near, in rather an attractive spot, about half a mile from the village, called Greta Hall. His house is on a little hill, and back of it, is a thick grove. We should have called upon him, if we had not been forewarned that his wife was in a sad condition, having lost her senses,—and that therefore under such circumstances, company could not be pleasant. As it was we contented ourselves with a view of the residence of this distinguished man, whose biography of Lord Nelson would of itself alone give him a claim upon posterity; and we then passed on over some private grounds, and by some beautiful vilas toward the famous mountain Skiddaw. We left Skiddaw,—I have no passion for ascending mountains—now covered with mist, on our right and after a few minutes walk we were in view of Bassenthwaite water—quite a pretty lake which wants hills or mountains around it, however, to make it picturesque. Here we fixed our eyes upon Carlisle as laid down on the map, and finding that the turnpike road was far from a straight line, we determined upon leaving it, and seeking as straight a line as we could—concluding that according to all mathematics, this was the shortest way between two given points,—a somewhat uncertain way of reasoning I own as applied to ways between two towns. We left the main road—and soon a tremendous rain overtook us, against which no outer coats that we had, were the least protection. We entered the poor hut of an old Scotchwoman, or a woman who talked the Scotch, and in her volubility, taking us for 'cannie folk' she told us all she knew. She gave us some milk, and rejected with scorn what we offered for pay—a most unusual thing in England I can assure you. Her mother she told us, whom we saw, just able to move about, was 90 years old, her father with her too, was 80. Her family, she added, her fathers' fathers, had built this stone hut 200 years ago, and had lived in it ever since, 'through rebel time an' a.'' My friend gave one of the children an American half dime, and then the old woman almost jumped with joy at the sight of the strange coin, 'the like o' which her een nae saw before.' I do not doubt that she will long remember the two Americans whom she sheltered in the storm.

The rain holding up, we sallied forth again, but it was now near dark, and we were miles from the lodging we intended to make. We attempted in vain in so out-of-the-way a place to hire some conveyance,—but the only means of transportation we could find was such as nature had given us. The rain then poured down again, and in torrents too, and our way was over a long and dismal moor, which is always dreary, even under a calm and sunny sky. But on the moor we entered.—The rain then came down fiercer and fiercer, unobstructed as was the wind by a single tree, fence, or dwelling. I was wet through and through. In this condition we espied two houses about a mile from the road, and we made for them to see if we could obtain a night's shelter. The poor ignorant people took us for robbers, and trembled all over; and I am quite sure were very happy, when they saw us far from the house. We could not well understand them, nor could they understand us,—but we made out enough to learn that the money of two fellows in such a plight could buy from them neither bed nor bread. My companion told them of the lakes we had been to see,—that our luggage was left behind,—and explained how we were benighted on this moor. I growled in wrath at their stupidity,—and my argument I suspect had about as much influence as his, for they seemed to take him for a cunning, smooth-tongued rascal, and me for some ferocious death's head. Off again we sallied for the moor. All at once we found ourselves in a swamp. This cleared, we were upon the high road again for Clapham, yet some five miles off.

It was quite midnight when we reached this, a little dirty village, remarkable only for the number of its public houses, which were five. A fair was to be held about four miles off the next day, and the whole surrounding population seemed to centre there. In the first public house we entered, we found a party carrousing over some ale, all half drunk—but the house was full and could not accommodate us. In short we tried all five of the public houses, and all in vain,—for all were full of the people going to the fair. I began to fancy how it would seem to be sleeping on the road. My companion took my writing materials, and wrote a letter to the parson of the village, stating 'our deplorable case'—but luckily the parson was abed and asleep hours before, for which I was heartily glad. The people were rude and uncivil—but nevertheless they provided us a place near the fire, and this was much, as we were cold and wet. At last a fellow more generous-hearted than the rest, pitying our condition, and intending himself to drink his ale all night, gave us his bed, and we received it with a thankful heart. I never had so good a sleep.

When we rose in the morning, the rain was yet pouring down and therefore, we resolved to tarry in doors, and study character, for never was there a finer opportunity than this, as it was some holiday, St. Monday I think it is called, and all the people were crowding together. A social glass of ale put us upon the best terms for our new friends,—and soon they were our teachers in the Cumberland dialect—and when they talked this dialect among themselves, they were more incomprehensible than even the Yorkshireman whom I have before described—another specimen by the way of the purity with which *Englishmen* speak English! I have before me a letter written in this dialect, and I defy any person who has never heard it or studied it to make out half of its meaning—and yet writers coming from such a people make sport of *our* English! The Lord help their impudence!

The rain in the afternoon cleared up, we started for the Fair which was at Rosley Hill, four miles off. My outward man by this time was in a melancholy condition. My boots gaped with holes, rent in the sad route of the Moor. In this condition, I was well fitted for 'good society,' at the Fair, but my companion whose outward man was far better than mine, and altogether too much of 'a gentleman' for such a place,—for in the old world as well as in our's they judge 'a gentleman' very much by his clothes. I peeped about all over the Fair, here, there and every where,—now among the mountebanks, anon discussing the merits of a horse or an ass for sale,—and soon plunging into the dance halls where 'the gals and fellows' with their iron soled shoes, were knocking out 'double shuffles,' and spinning off 'long reels,' very much as a blacksmith's sledge hammer would act the same part. I could see that my companion was a very suspicious character among them—but my appearance admitted me into 'the very best of society.' In my early days I had a gift myself in these 'double shuffles,'—and I never was more tempted just for the sport of the thing, than now, to make a contract with the fiddler for a dance or so. Many of the sports of these Fairs resemble our New England general musters,—but there was more intemperance here than I have ever seen at one of them,—and the fair girls permitted liberties to be taken with them, which an Englishman would, of course, have been horrified by, if he had seen in America. Hamilton would have had a paroxysm in the sight,—and the new tribe that have just written, would have indited chapters thereupon. But of a truth the Temperance Societies could do great service here. Drunkenness was mournfully prevalent in every quarter of the field,—and fights were not a few—the ever fruitful offspring of this insanity. These fairs, I suppose, all your readers know, are held at certain stated times of the year, to which the yeomanry, and others resort with whatsoever they have to sell, and then there are shows, 'Royal Beasts and Birds,' 'French giants,'—with 'many other articles too numerous to mention.'

The Fair over, and the sun declining, we engaged a passage to Carlisle with one of the person, who had a tent at the Fair, in a carriage that has an opening in the middle, containing four persons, two of whom face the other two, and a box in front where the driver sits. By sunset we were in Carlisle,—and here I was so covered with mud, and so rusty from the past few days' hard fare, that as I strolled about the streets, with my hands in my pockets, staring at every thing, the very boys looked up in astonishment, wondering who or what I was. It is pleasant to have a new character once in a while,—but for a very little while. I soon forgot all, however, in another excellent public house,—and was asleep as soon as I touched the bed.—From my last two letters, you see, that 'variety is the spice of life.' B.

BROADCLOTHS

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 6m may 2

DRY GOODS

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Buckskin Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to *shrink* in *washing.*

2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

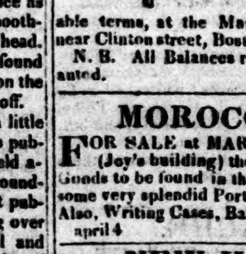
1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Dometts.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimotties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 3s per yard, a an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1600 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 5c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9 to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, 1 2s pr yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

BALANCE MANUFACTORY



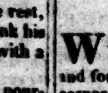
PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale wholesale or retail on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, & april 4

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 77 Court street, (opposite to New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS. CAPS. GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality. Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.
nov 1 1y

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a hy a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 33 Washington st. august 29

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand.

JOSEPH L. ROSS,
august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristaltic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remove biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.
april 18 1y

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbillical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of

SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

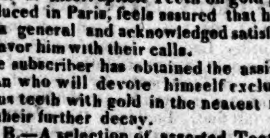
From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

IMPROVEMENT ON

DENTAL SURGERY.



DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, *WASHINGTON STREET.*

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice. may 30

NEW STOCK OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city. Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

☞*NEW ARRANGEMENT.*☜

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND

BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.

BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.

NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the Season, of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M. for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday mornings at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

For further information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No. 56 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

INDIA RUBBER WATER

PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, *&c. &c.*

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions: Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needle holes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

WATER PROOF PREMIUM

GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks,—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

SUPERIOR STYLE

OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
200 do Medium quality do do do
150 do do Stitched do do
300 do Common do Plain do do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 12

BLEACHED AND BROWN

AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cochero Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assaupink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE

GALAXY OFFICE.

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore [illegible] of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the [illegible] membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal. These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor may be able to obtain it for himself and family as well as the rich

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent. RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Fearing & Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leveret st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Hayman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hanover st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. L. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Prouty, corner of Federal and Williams st.

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; col'd Poult de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of *PALMER*, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover-street. june 20

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.

july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.